THE LAND WE LOVE.

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SKETCHES OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

Walker's Division—Retreat up Red River—Battle of Mansfield.

SKETCH NO. 1.

BY COLONEL T. R. BONNER, 18TH TEXAS INFANTRY.

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished lie."

[*Addison's Campaign.*

To make some record of their endurance, prowess and bravery, is due both to the surviving soldiers of the Trans-Mississippi Department, as well as to the memory of their gallant companions in arms, who so fearlessly met their death in the camp and on the bloody field.

In giving a few desultory sketches of those movements and scenes which came under my immediate observation, and "which I saw, and of which I was a part," I shall attempt to pen only their brief outlines, and those incidents more immediately connected with Walker's division of the army, to which I had the honor to belong. I shall be content if I can but impress more deeply upon the memory, the toils, hardships and glories of our gallant army, and incite others to

record their certain recollections, for the benefit of the future historian.

Though vanquished in the final result—though the principles for which we fought, and for which our comrades died, seem to be forgotten in the blind passions of the hour—yet we have the proud satisfaction to know that our defeat was accomplished by a brave and overwhelming foe; and they must, and ever will do us the justice to say, that they "met a foeman worthy of their steel."

On the 13th day of March, 1864, the renowned infantry division of Major General Jno. G. Walker, composed exclusively of Texans, and which then numbered about 5,000 effective men and officers, abandoned its winter encampment near the town of Marksville, Louisiana, and commenced the memorable retreat up the Red River valley, before the exulting and boastful army of Gen. Banks. This division was composed of three brigades, the 1st consisting of the 8th Texas infantry, commanded by Col. Overton Young, the 18th Texas infantry, Col. W. H. King, the 22d Texas infantry, Col. R. B. Hubbard, and the 13th Texas, dismounted cavalry, Colonel A. F. Crawford, and commanded by Gen. T. N. Waul. The 2d brigade, commanded by Gen. Horace Randall, consisted of the 11th Texas infantry, Colonel O. M. Roberts, the 14th Texas infantry, Col. Edward Clark, the 28th Texas, dismounted cavalry, Col. Eli H. Baxter, and Lieut. Colonel Gould's battalion, dismounted cavalry. The 3d brigade, commanded by Gen. Richard Scurry, consisted of the 16th Texas infantry, Col. George Flournoy, the 17th Texas infantry, Col. G. W. Jones, and the 16th Texas, dismounted cavalry, Col. Fitzhugh, and the 19th Texas infantry, Col. R. Waterhouse.

On the day after our departure from Marksville, Fort De Russey, situated on the bank of Red River, three miles from that town, was surrendered, with its garrison of 400 Texans, after a brief and futile resistance to a combined land and naval force of the enemy. This garrison was composed of detached companies, one from each regiment of Walker's division, and commanded by Lt. Col. Bird, of the 14th Texas infantry. Nothing was saved from the fort, except two large 32-pound Parrot guns, which, by order of Gen. Taylor, commanding the District of West Louisiana, were removed before the arrival of the Federal forces, and accompanied our division on its retreat. These huge guns, transformed into field pieces, and each drawn by a *dozen yokes of oxen*, presented such a novel appearance, that when first seen by our troops, they created no little merriment. A witty soldier, incited by the comical idea of artillery drawn by oxen, exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "here goes your *Bull* battery;" and by that appellation these pieces were afterwards known during the entire campaign.

For several days after our retreat commenced, we were closely pressed by the land forces of Gen. Banks. His cavalry some-

times dashed upon the rear of our column, and as our command consisted of infantry alone, our duties were necessarily much more arduous than they would otherwise have been. In addition to heavy guard and picket duties, we were sometimes compelled to march during the whole night. About the 20th of March, we were joined by the infantry division of General Alfred Mouton,—composed of one brigade of Louisiana troops, (Mouton's brigade) and one brigade of Texans, commanded by the French Gen. Polignac,—and by the 2d Louisiana cavalry, commanded by Col. Vincent. On the night of the 23d of March, we bivouacked in the piney woods near Carrol Jones', a wealthy free negro, about 35 miles west of Alexandria, which city had already surrendered to Gen. Banks.

Notwithstanding the gloomy weather—the violent storm of rain and sleet which fell while we were at this point, every thing betokened the greatest activity, and the prospect of stirring scenes was brightened every day.

Gen. Richard Taylor had taken the field in person, and had immediate command of our little army. The Missouri and Arkansas infantry, under General Churchill, had been ordered from Gen. Sterling Price's army, of Missouri and Arkansas, to reinforce us, and the renowned cavalry division of Gen. Thomas Green, was on the march from Texas, and daily expected to arrive. The foe, encouraged by our continued retrogade movements, were becoming bolder, and even more daring. Our troops, accustomed to retreat,—owing to the vast territory over which we so often marched, extending from lower Louisiana to the Arkansas River, and the rapidity with which the enemy could concentrate his forces on the large streams which penetrated these two States,—calmly obeyed their leaders, and confidently awaited the result of coming events. Walker's division, unlike many other troops, in the service, had so often advanced and so frequently retreated, owing to the causes already stated, that to do either, had become to them alike a matter of indifference.

But while in the camp near Carrol Jones', an event occurred which spread a momentary gloom throughout our little army. The splendid cavalry regiment of Col. Vincent, which had so recently joined us, was posted, under direction of Gen. Taylor, as advanced pickets, on the Alexandria road. While the infantry were enjoying their quiet slumbers, the first for nearly two weeks, a large detachment of Federal cavalry, guided by some citizen traitor, made a circuitous march during the night and attacked Col. Vincent's command in the rear, capturing nearly 400 men, besides the guns and men of Capt. Edgar's Texas battery of artillery. In consequence of this severe loss and the non-arrival of the expected troops from Texas and Arkansas, Gen. Taylor declined making a stand at this point, which had been previously contemplated. We immediately recommenced the retreat, which was continued to four miles be-

yond Mansfield on the road to Shreveport.

In the meantime, that magnificent body of cavalry, known as "Green's old division," and two or three other brigades of Texas cavalry, all under command of that illustrious hero and chieftain, Gen. Tom Green, had arrived, and were daily engaging the enemy, chastising him whenever he ventured to make a dash upon our slowly retreating columns. The whole country, far and wide, was aroused to the highest pitch of excitement. The inhabitants all along the route of our retreat, were hurriedly quitting their homes, and flying before the approach of the invader. Consternation and alarm everywhere prevailed among the citizens. Old men shouldered their guns and came to our assistance from the interior of Texas. Notwithstanding every effort had been made by our leaders to collect as much available force as possible, to meet the impending danger, yet the great distance of the troops in Arkansas, and the want of facilities for transportation, the advance of the Federal Gen. Steele through Arkansas, who had already crossed the Ouachita River, driving before him the army of Gen. Price, and intending to form a junction, about the middle of April, with General Banks, at Shreveport, prevented the concentration of more than about 10,000 men at Mansfield. The army of Gen. Banks, in our immediate pursuit, was composed, as we have always understood, of the 19th army corps, with the 16th corps in supporting distance.—Besides these two corps, Admiral Porter, with an immense flotilla of gunboats and transports, had ascended Red River to within about 40 miles of Shreveport. But with his apparently inadequate force, Gen. Taylor here resolved to give battle, and to this end every preparation was made on the night of the 7th of April.

The sun of the 8th as it rose majestically in a cloudless sky, presented to the view of the astonished inhabitants of Mansfield, the divisions of Walker and Mouton marching proudly back to meet that foe before whom they had so long retreated. As we passed through the streets of the beautiful town, they were thronged with fair ladies—misses and matrons—who threw their bright garlands at our feet, and bade us, in God's name, drive back the Yankees, and save their cherished homes. As their cheerful songs of the Sunny South fell in accents of sweetest melody upon our ears, we felt that we were indeed "thrice armed," and though greatly outnumbered, *would* drive back the foe. Alas! how many brave hearts which thrilled with patriotic emotion that morning, as we marched with flying banners through the town, were stilled in death before the last gleams of that day's sun rested upon the field of carnage! How many strong men, as they listened to the voices of those maidens, and thought of their own loved ones at home, had ceased to think, or speak, or breathe, before that day had gone!

At 12 o'clock, our division, in consequence of the near prox-

imity of the enemy, after marching, and countermarching, and manœuvring, formed its line of battle in the edge of a large field about four miles from Mansfield, immediately on the right of the road leading to Fort Jessup. The division of Gen. Mouton occupied a similar position on the left of the road, and half a mile from it. The intervening space between the two divisions was filled up with several batteries of artillery, some of which were in position on an eminence a few hundred yards in front of the the main line. The cavalry of Gen. Green, except that portion then skirmishing with the enemy, had been dismounted and occupied the left of our line. Here we remained, inactive, for about three hours, awaiting the expected attack of the foe, during which time, the firing of our cavalry skirmishers became each minute clearer and more distinct.

This calm before the storm—the period which immediately precedes the conflict, when it is apparent that the deadly contest is near at hand—is more trying than even the battle itself. Unsustained by the reckless excitement and wild furor of the actual strife, the strongest mind must then shudder at the fearful thought that a few short moments more may usher the soul into eternity!—Fondly, Oh! how fondly do we then recall the homes and dear ones far away, and the heart grows faint and sick with the thought that, perhaps, for the last time, these associations rush upon the memory! In such a moment the hero is lost in the man!

Suddenly, at about the hour of half past two o'clock, we were aroused from our momentary reverie by the rapid firing of the artillery, followed in quick succession by the loud, long volleys of small arms, on the left of our line, which plainly announced that the work of death had indeed commenced. The division of the brave, but now lamented, Gen. Mouton, numbering less than 3,000 men, had attacked a superior force of the enemy in strong position. For 20 minutes the echo of their guns swelled upon the breeze, and for 20 minutes an awful feeling of intense anxiety and suspense filled the minds of the troops not engaged in the conflict. The firing ceases—in a few minutes a courier comes dashing over the hill—the dispatch is handed to Gen. Waul—the moment is an anxious one, fraught with eagerness to learn, yet dread to hear the result. But soon the spirit-stirring word of "victory" is conveyed to us from the General—Mouton had attacked the foe, and though he himself had fallen, and many of his daring soldiers had shared his fate, yet they had borne the banner of the "stars and bars," again to victory. Soon a column of 1,000 captured federal prisoners and 6 pieces of artillery, marching towards Mansfield, confirmed the glorious tidings. Then did our long pent up suspense give way to the wildest emotions of joy. As the welcome notes of triumph passed from regiment to regiment down to the right of the line, a shout of exultation, loud and long, echoed and re-

echoed far over the field, bearing congratulations of success to our victorious comrades, and foreboding a repetition of defeat to the astonished foe.

This was the turning point of the whole campaign, and to the indomitable courage and glorious success of this first charge of Mouton's division may we safely ascribe that series of brilliant achievements in the valley of the Red River, which shed such additional glory upon the Southern arms. Just at this critical period defeat would have been ruinous. But now our division, animated with the reckless exuberance of feeling produced by unexpected success, was anxious to be led into action, and as the command "By the right of companies to the front" rang out loud and clear upon the evening air, every man moved quickly off with confident and determined step. Passing through the large field in our front, then through a skirt of timber and into another field, we beheld the enemy in position on the opposite side. Here we formed by companies into line, and passed Gen. Walker, the idol of his division, and with a shout of defiance marched steadily forward. The enemy greeted our coming with a perfect shower of leaden hail, from both artillery and small arms, but we dislodged them without firing a gun. 'Twas a sublime, yet appalling spectacle to see those noble men of Waul's brigade, while their comrades were falling mangled, bleeding, dying, press on, and still on, with a steady, unwavering step, and fill up their broken ranks, at the quick, stern command "Close up! close up!" Their determined resolution to conquer gave an irresistible power to their advance, and the astonished and amazed Federals fled in confusion. Then arose again that shout of triumph. It was answered first by Randall's, then by Scurry's brigade, and soon the whole cavalry force of Gen. Green took up the strain, filling the earth and the air with the unearthly yells of nearly 10,000 victorious Texans. The movement had been simultaneous and successful along the entire line.—Everywhere the enemy had been routed and disorganized. Urged on by the excitement of victory, we pursued the flying foe, killing where they dared resist, and capturing them by hundreds. Their officers rallied them again and again, but as often as they paused were they compelled again to retire.

They finally succeeded in making a stand at a field 7 miles from Mansfield. Here, for a short time, a stout resistance was made, and a desperate conflict ensued. But it was to no purpose. We rushed upon them and again they fled. This momentary stand, however, gave time for the formation of a large Federal reinforcement, consisting of the 16th army corps. Entirely unconscious of the arrival of these fresh troops, which were formed at the upper edge of the field, their lines extending far over the hills on either side of the road, we pressed on after those we had already defeated. By the time we had passed half way through the field, which enclosed a large peach and plum

orchard, our flying foemen had taken shelter behind the line of their reinforcements. Then came the terrible shock. Volley after volley resounded from the hill, and shower after shower of bullets came whizzing down upon us. It was utterly impossible to advance, and to retreat beneath the range of their long guns seemed equally desperate. Never shall I forget that moment, and what soldier that was there can ever cease to remember the "Plum Orchard" fight. We lay down, arose again, and then involuntarily sought such shelter and protection as the ground afforded. Encouraged by their leaders, our brave men attempted again and again to charge, but human fortitude and human bravery were unequal to the task. Even Napoleon's "Old Guard" itself must have quailed before that terrible fire. The very air seemed dark and hot with balls, and on every side was heard their dull, crushing sound, as they struck that swaying mass, tearing through flesh, and bone, and sinew. The position of our line could have been traced by our fallen dead.—Within a few short moments, many a gallant spirit went to its long home.

We were compelled to retire. As soon, however, as we reached the timber, the men were rallied, and though the sun had gone down behind the hills, and night was fast closing upon that bloody scene, still it was resolved to make another effort to take the hill. Again the line was formed and the order given to charge. Right gallantly did we commence the task, but the enemy were fully prepared for our reception and reserved their fire until we had advanced to within 100 yards of their position. Then their rifles belched forth a bright red sheet of flame along their whole line, lighting up the expiring day with an unearthly glare, while the thunders of 10,000 guns resounded through the heavens, and seemed to shake the earth to its very centre. For our wearied and almost exhausted troops to oppose such fearful odds with success, was utterly impossible, and the attempt to dislodge the enemy from his stronghold, proved as unfortunate as it was ill-advised. Many a brave man, for there were no craven hearts in this last charge, whose life might have been saved to his country and his family, was slain in this vain attempt to drive the enemy. Had the battle closed when we first received our check in the orchard, no page in the history of the war would have recorded a more brilliant Southern victory than that of the battle of Mansfield. As it was, much of the prestige of success gained in the day, was lost in the blood of the fearless, undistinguished heroes, who fell in this deadly night charge.

Having retired from the contest, unpursued by the enemy, our broken regiments were again reformed. Waul's brigade, placed in line of battle across the road, occupied during the night, the front of our army, only 300 yards from the enemy's line. The remainder of our infantry forces, "watch-worn and weary," truly slept upon their arms, and si-

lence—save the moans of the wounded and the groans of the dying—soon fell upon that field where late was heard the din and crash of battle.

Thus commenced and closed the memorable battle of the 8th of April. If we except the Louisiana brigade of Mouton's division, it was fought by Texans alone. We were sorely repulsed at night fall, still we justly claim it as the greatest victory of the Trans-Mississippi Department.—But though glorious, it was dearly won. Among the killed, I cannot refrain mentioning the names of the young and gifted Lieut. Col. James W. Raine, of the 8th Texas infantry, and Col. James R. Taylor and Lieut. Col. Noble, of the 17th Texas infantry. These were personally known to the writer, and no truer spirits died in defense of the Land we love. The remains of the lamented Col. Raine, have been removed, by his father, to Kentucky, his native State, since the war. Besides these from our own Texas, there were Cols. Armand and Beard from Louisiana, besides many other officers and men from both these States, who, though gallant and brave, rest to-day in unknown graves.—Though their names are forgotten, yet their glorious deeds will live in the hearts of our people, as long as we shall continue to cherish the principles for which they contended.

Col. Wilburn H. King, of the 18th Texas infantry, a native of Georgia, was severely wounded during the last charge of this battle. His skill as a regimental commander, and his daring intrepidity on this occasion, led to his promotion as a Brigadier General, which position he held with credit to himself and benefit to the cause, until the termination of the war. It is impossible for me to make individual mention of all those who, that day, sacrificed their lives upon the altar of our country; but many a once happy Texas home now mourns the loss of some brave soldier who, that night, slept in death upon the sanguinary plains of Mansfield.

TRANSITION.

"BRILL-ON-THE-HILL," ALA.

How soon will end the summer days!
Though thick and green the forest leaves,
Already Autumn's golden haze
About the woods and hilly ways
A veil of tender radiance weaves.

Oh! what is in the Autumn sun,
And what is in the Autumn air,
Makes all they shine and breathe upon,
Ere yet the summer days are gone,
Look so exceeding sweet and fair?

E'en weeds, that through the summer rain,
Grew wanton, and o'er topped the flowers,
—Rude children of the sunburnt plain,—
Bud out and blossom, not in vain,
Around the summer's faded bowers.

For long ago the violets fled,
The pansy closed its purple eye,
The poppy hung its uncrowned head,
And on the garden's grass-grown bed
The lily laid her down to die.

No more the roses bud and blow;
The few late beauties that remain
Are tossed by rough winds to and fro,
And all their fragrant leaves laid low,
And scattered by the latter rain.

Like some old limner's quaint design
The sunlight's checkered play doth seem,
And through the clusters on the vine,
As through a goblet filled with wine,
Soft, shimmering sparkles gleam.

The red-cheeked apples thickly grow
About the orchard's leafy mass,
But when they hear the tempest blow
Through twisted boughs they sliding go,
And hide within the tangled grass.

No more the partridges' whistle rings;
The dove her plaintive cry has ceased—
From tree to tree, on restless wings,
The mock-bird flits, but never sings;
The west-wind rocks an empty nest.

All harmonies of Summer fail!
The vaulting insects cease to sport;
The songs of bees alone prevail,
The wingéd traffickers that sail
From flowery port to port.

Upon the hills and in the fields
A few pale flowers begin to blow,
A few pale buds the garden yields,
A few pale blooms the hedge-row shields;
Summer consents not yet to go.

Oh! yellow leaf amid the green!
Sad presage of the coming fall,
Soon where your withered tint is seen
Shall Autumn's gorgeous banners screen
Th' incipient ruin over all!

Though sadly to ourselves we say
'The summer days will soon be o'er,'
Yet who may tell the very day
Whereon the Summer went away,
Though closely watching evermore?

With sailing clouds the heavens teem,
That beckon like impatient guides,
And like the gliding of a stream,
Like thoughts that mingle in a dream,
The summer into autumn glides.

She goes! and leaves the woods forlorn.
For grief the birds refuse to sing;
Bare lie the fields that laughed with corn,
But of each garnered grain is born
The certain promise of the Spring.

KAMBA THORPE.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, one of the two wonders of America, is on the western shore of Lake Michigan, about thirty miles above its southern extremity.

The Chicago River flowing into the Lake here, forms the only harbor to be found from the mouth of St. Joseph's River, in Michigan, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, which can afford protection, or wharf room, to a score of vessels at a time. This is the true secret of Chicago's greatness. Without this sluggish gash in the Lake shore, she would have remained to this day a little prairie village; with it she is—what she is. Any man, even without the gift of prophecy, who knew anything of agriculture, or the vast producing capacities of our Western territories, must have foretold the immense advantages of her situation and the greatness of her future.

Long before the exigencies of war had caused the erection of Fort Dearborn, on the site of the present city—long before the gleam of the white man's musket menaced the Indian in the hunting grounds of his ancestors, nature had lavished upon this spot her most benignant influences.

Millions of acres of the most fertile lands in the world, where Ceres herself might hold her celestial court, radiate from it on every side save one, and on that one is the best harbor on the whole of our five great Mediterrean Seas. Nothing remained for man to do, but to gather up the gifts so profusely showered upon him.

But if Chicago was thus geographically fortunate, the Pontine Marshes could not have been more inhospitable than the location in itself. The shore is but a few feet above the level of the Lake, and the greater portion of where Chicago now stands was formerly under water for half the year. Fort Dearborn might have been described as a block house with a sea of water on one side, and a sea of mud on the other, and no man ever attempted to traverse the latter during the winter months, except on horseback. The geological formation was a black, slimy ooze, furnishing about as secure a basis for building as soap-suds, and this was for many years the greatest drawback to the prosperity of the city.

It was overcome at last, and in a manner which furnishes a remarkable illustration of the genius and indomitable energy of the people: but of this more anon. When we understand the situation of Chicago we will be better prepared to take up its rise and progress. The Chicago River, which is in reality but an arm of the sea, extends inward in a direct line from the Lake, for about three-fourths of a mile, and then branches off into two streams running in opposite directions. The letter T may be taken as a

rough sketch of the harbor, the base resting on the beach.

Thirty miles of wharves now line this stream, and give Chicago one of the most commodious harbors in the world. Scarce a shipping house in the city but has its back door opening on a wharf or basin of its own.

The mouth of the inlet was once choked up with a sand bar, but in 1834 a timely freshet swept it away, and subsequent dredging has rendered it deep enough for the largest vessels along its whole length.

In 1830 the population of Chicago consisted of four families, or less than twenty-five persons, excluding the garrison of the Fort, and the only vessel ever seen was the little schooner sent there twice a year by John Jacob Astor, for the furs collected by the Indians. Now upwards of four hundred vessels are frozen up during the winter months as securely as if they were on the coast of Spitzbergen, and her shipping aggregates 218,215 tons, while the population may be estimated at 230,000 souls.

The year 1831 may be taken as the nativity of the Chicago of to-day. During that year emigrants began to swarm in, and it soon became a brisk trading post with the Indians. These latter, for several years, hovered around the place and retarded its progress, while they corrupted traffic; but in 1835 they were moved off to the far West and the face of the Red man was seen no more within its precincts.

During this year (1835) the population increased to nearly four thousand, and then was inaugurated that watchword of Chicago, "corner lots." They were eagerly sought after, not so much for their then actual value, as for the confidence which her inhabitants felt in the future opulence of their city, and the historian must even say for the Chicagoans that, now, as then, this noble self-confidence and independence is the main-spring of their prosperity. No outside pressure has been required to stimulate their enterprise, and for their present they are indebted to themselves alone.

The general depression throughout the country in the year 1837 was a sad blow to Chicago.—Emigration was checked, business stagnated, and city property became an emetic to its owners.

Some of the richest men in Chicago, to-day, owe their wealth entirely to their inability to dispose of their lots at any price during that year of gloom.

But even then the day of her greatness was beginning to dawn, and from that time her sun has loomed steadily toward the meridian.

In 1838 was shipped the first bag of grain from what is now the largest grain market in the world, not even excepting Odessa. The growth of this trade has been one of the most marvellous facts in even this country of marvels, and to it, principally, Chicago is indebted for her present position in the commercial world. The table below shows its increase through successive years in the item of wheat alone.

YEAR.	BUSHELS.
1838.	78
1839.	3,678
1840.	10,000
1841.	40,000
1842.	586,907
1845.	1,000,000
1847.	2,000,000
1853.	1,689,798
1855.	7,110,270
1857.	10,783,292
1860.	16,054,379
1862.	22,902,765

The total shipment of grain for for the year 1867, may be estimated at 60,000,000 bushels.

Such figures need no comment, in themselves they read like a fable; but the end is not yet, the chronicler of 1900 will probably go up into hundreds of millions, if, indeed, he do not discard mathematics altogether. The facilities for receiving and distributing this vast quantity of grain have been brought to perfection in Chicago. Any one of the seventeen tall elevators in different parts of the city will unload and load a vessel with incredible rapidity. They are worked by steam. A vessel loaded with grain can come alongside, and in a few minutes the wheat or whatever it may be, will have gone a hundred feet into the air and down the opposite side of the elevator into another vessel, or cars, which will carry it to its destination. The situation of the city conduces to this in a very favorable manner. If the banks of the river were high as in St. Louis, or the water-level variable, the difficulties of this transfer would be very great.

But Chicago is also the greatest cattle market in the country, and the development of that trade has been no less astonishing.—Three thousand cattle were slaughtered, packed and shipped in 1839, and since then the strides have been gigantic. No regular statistics can be obtained for the successive years, but during the last three the number either killed or shipped alive, has averaged 300,000 per annum.

It is very difficult for the mind to conceive with accuracy of numbers, but comparatively easy to understand distance. If these 300,000 cattle averaged nine feet in length they would extend in a straight line, without any intervals, 511¼ miles, or computing five hundred pounds to the animal they would produce 150,000,000 lbs. of beef, which, sold in New York for 25 cents, would amount to $37,500,000.

Lumber too plays a conspicuous part in the traffic of Chicago. The immense prairies which stretch for hundreds of miles around the city, and which are rapidly being peopled, are almost utterly destitute of building material. This need, Chicago takes it upon herself to supply, and the vast forests which shroud the upper waters of Lake Michigan furnish an inexhaustible resource. Six hundred and fourteen millions of feet of timber were sold in 1866, and the yards extend for miles along both sides of one fork of the river. One house in Chicago can furnish anything in that line, from a pine board to a ready made village, and will forward, on receipt of price, to any part of

the country, either cottage, church, court-house or towns.—These buildings are securely packed and can be put up in a very short time.

The mind, startled by these figures, naturally enquires for the causes of this unparalleled progress. They lie first in the natural advantages of the place, and secondly in the energy of its inhabitants. For years all the exports of Chicago were hauled into the city in wagons over miry roads and with incredible toil, but in 1836 was begun the canal which connects the Chicago River with the Illinois and the Mississippi. This canal, completed in 1848, opened to Chicago the wealth of an immense territory, and brought its produce into her markets.—The Chicago and Galena Railroad was also completed in 1850. Up to this time the Chicagoans had looked with a considerable degree of coldness upon Railroad enterprise, but when in 1853 this railway paid a dividend of 11 per cent. they were awakened from their lethargy, and began to realize the possibilities of their situation.

Since then their chief aim has been to extend their roads into every producing acre of the State, and so indomitable has been their energy that Chicago has, in a few years, become the greatest railway centre in the world.

The system of which she is the centre includes nearly 10,000 miles of track, and the whole State is reticulated with her roads.

It is computed that the average distance of the farms in Illinois from a railroad is only about seven miles. A passenger train reaches or leaves the city every fifteen minutes during the twenty-four hours, and at least two hundred trains arrive or depart in a day and night.

Here is the explanation of her growth. Here is the index to her prosperity.

Chicago collecting the wealth of such an immense territory could not be other than what she is. But her ambition rests not here. Ship canals, which shall connect the Mississippi with the Atlantic Ocean are projected, and this generation will probably see the enterprise inaugurated.

In short, everything which Science can aspire to, or energy undertake, or skill consummate, she has made the instrument of her progress, and on the banner nailed to the mast-head, and in the hearts of the people is inscribed the motto—Chicago Excelsior.

Having sketched the rise and progress of Chicago, we will now describe her as she is. Chicago will not impress the stranger as a beautiful city—there is too much monotonous level and too much smoke—but she has many and very great attractions. The buildings on the best streets are in general, large and fine, and some of the private residences on Wabash Avenue are among the most elegant in America.

The public buildings are commodious and elegant, and the churches superb. Some of the latter soften the sterner lineaments of religion by encouraging social gatherings, and are provided with complete kitchen and restaurant apparatus, and con-

tain suits of apartments in which the ladies of the congregation give entertainments twice a month.

Education is worshipped here as a tutelary deity. Colleges and academies are numerous, and the free schools are among the most ornate and durable structures in the city. Thousands of children irrespective of color, are yearly educated at these last. One of the most striking edifices is that where the Board of Trade meets. Here in a spacious room, ornamented with fine fresco paintings, the principal business of Chicago is transacted. From a thousand to eighteen hundred of the grain and lumber merchants assemble here every day to buy or sell, and to learn the prices current in the different markets of the world. In a very few minutes fortunes are lost or made, men are ruined or enriched.

The proverbial impossibility of building castles in the air has been falsified here, for Chicago has been raised twelve feet in the air and the earth built up to it. For years the quagmire on which the city was built reduced the inhabitants to despair. Planking was tried, but for half the year the wagons projected, from between the crevices in the planks, graceful jets of marshy ooze in every direction, and in very wet weather the thoroughfares floated about like pontoons. Ditching both sides of the streets was then tried, but it only made the matter worse, and at length Chicago was convinced that no resource was left but to raise the level of the city.

Three different grades have been established at different times, until now the city is elevated twelve feet above the Prairie. The huge Tremont House, one of the most massive hotels in the United States was raised bodily into the air and ten feet of earth thrown under it. Whole blocks of stores were raised at the same time.

The mythic conflict between Typhon and Osiris was here fought out once more, and again Osiris has triumphed, for nowhere will you find a better paved city than Chicago of to-day. In some places the old struggle continues, and you can get a sectional view of the successive strata, but the principal thoroughfares are excellent, and many of the streets are paved with that boon of metropolitans, the Nicholson pavement.

Owing to the peculiar shape of its harbor, Chicago is essentially a "City of Bridges." Every street, whether running North or South, East or West, crosses the river. The delay at these draw bridges is often prolonged and annoying on account of the numerous craft which ply in and out of the harbor. On some days, when the wind is favorable, a hundred vessels will be wafted in at once, and then transit is interrupted for hours. At such times long lines of vehicles extend up the streets on either side, and oaths and shouts wrangle in the air.

This is another obstacle which Chicago has set herself to overcome with her usual enterprise, and soon tunnels under the bed of the river will connect the opposite streets.

The suburbs are handsome and picturesque. The streets leading along the shore of the lake, as they get beyond the feverish turmoil of the business centres, wind among beautiful villas surrounded by luxuriant gardens. The smoke which envelops the city in a murky cloud extends not to these sylvan retreats, and the Genius of Repose broods over them with folded wings. It is to be hoped that red brick walls will never stare each other out of countenance across these now beautiful avenues.

It is proposed to encircle the city with a shady drive like the Boulevards of Paris, and I believe the work has already commenced. A great park is also in contemplation, of which one of our writers humorously remarks:

"It is not unlikely that the park will enclose a range of mountains, the loftiest peaks of which will pierce the air half a hundred feet; and up those giddy heights Chicago's boys will climb on Saturday afternoons, inhale the breath of liberty on the mountain-tops, and learn why Switzerland is free."

The city is supplied with water by a tunnel, which runs out under the lake two miles.

This triumph of engineering skill was completed during the past year, and thereby the water is insured to be cool and pure, uncontaminated by proximity to the foul slime of the harbor.

By an ingenious arrangement at the lake end the water is filtered as it pours into the tunnel.

When the work was finished, and before it was opened, the Mayor and Common Council, with some gentlemen of the press, went out to see the wonders of the deep from a submarine point of view. They were greatly relieved when, after groping for an hour by torch-light, they came safely to the surface in the midst of the lake far out from the land. The Chicagoans consider this enterprise one of the miracles of the age, and are inclined to think the Croton Aqueduct of New York comparatively an insignificant affair.

About four miles out from the city on the flat prairie, two feet below the level of the lake, are the famous "Stock Yards." Two millions of dollars have been expended here in the construction of a cattle market. The company owns nearly a square mile of land—three hundred and forty-five acres of which are already enclosed in cattle pens, and one hundred and fifty acres of these are being floored with plank.

This great "Cattle City" is laid out in streets crossing each other at right angles, the principal of which is called Broadway, and has accommodations for 75,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle, and 20,000 sheep. The facility with which immense droves of these animals are driven in and out is astonishing. The principal entrance and street is partitioned by fences into three parts—on the right are the droves going in, on the left those coming out, and in the centre walk the drivers. When the cattle are sold they are driven to the yards adjoining the railway and are weighed in passing *at the rate of thirty a minute.* Here they are

placed on cars and shipped to their destination.

Nine railroads have branches connecting with this cattle city, and a canal to the river will soon be commenced. Here also is a large hotel of yellow stone called the Hough House, and near by another beautiful edifice, called the Cattle Exchange, in which is a telegraph office, which is constantly reporting the price of beef, &c., in the markets on both sides of the Atlantic. There is also a bank in the building which does a business of from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars per day, solely with these cattle men. With all this prodigious business a man might live in Chicago for a year without seeing or hearing a cow, sheep or hog.

Chicago has the reputation of being one of the most immoral and dissolute cities in America, but if depravity is more noticeable there, I fancy it is because she has not acquired the same dexterity in concealing it, which our older cities have attained.

The fabulous progress of the place, and the El Dorado ideas entertained regarding it, attracts a crowd of adventurers who would corrupt any place in Christendom, and as in all new cities vice makes a desperate stand for supremacy.

There is an anecdote to the effect that a Chicagoan dying recently, aspired to enter Heaven. St. Peter, at the gate, enquired whence he came, and being answered, "Chicago," said reflectively, "Chicago, Chicago.—No you don't—there's no such place. I never had an application from there before."

So the Chicagoans when they die, instead of going to Heaven, must rest content in the beautiful cemeteries near their city, of which there are five.

This city is the Paradise of discontented married men, for it is more easy to procure a separation than a wife, and the number of divorces during the past, bear a very respectable proportion to the number of marriages.

The good people of Chicago are very fond of amusements, and will sit in wretched theatres and see tragedy murdered, and comedy smirked with a patience perfectly marvellous. They have the finest building yet devoted to the Thespian Art, in the United States—the glorious Crosby Opera House—but they cannot yet support the Opera. Every attempt heretofore has failed, and one of the Chicago papers not long since said in disgust that, "The majority of the people don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine." This has all the spice of antithesis which is often more forcible than truth, so whether it contains the latter is a superfluous inquiry.

The Press, that mighty lever of modern civilization, is well represented in Chicago. Six great dailies with seventy weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies supply the intellectual wants of the people, and a more able, high-toned, generous, and liberal Press is not to be found anywhere in our land.

In their hands we can leave the future of Chicago.

While the Press does its duty, no City, nor State, nor Nation, can retrogade—the march must ever be onward. *It* must educate the people. *It* must be the great conservator of the public weal, and as progress, without education, is a pyramid resting on its apex, the Press must ever be responsible for the permanent prosperity of the city; for *it* is the Palladium in which are deposited, as of old, the pledges of the City's safety.

TO ST. MICHAEL'S BELLS.*

JULY 4, 1868.

Oh bells! that your sweetest chimes ring out
So jubilant, and so gay,
Do ye well, to chime for a rabble rout,
For a negro holiday?
Of cannon that roared this day's salute,
Not a single gun was our's.
Our bells! could not you be sternly mute?
Need *you* hail the reigning powers?

Crushed in the foul Desolator's track,
Long, shattered you lay, and dumb,
From your treasured fragments conjured back,
Gladly we welcomed you home.
Shame, that you join in the glee to-day
Of those who trample us down!
Better that still in the dust you lay,
Of our burned and ruined town!

Cease! lest we loathe the silvery chime
We have loved so long and well.
Cease! bide ye your people's coming time,
In proud silence ev'ry bell!
Or if ye ring, thro' the still night air,
Oh! chime out a solemn toll.
Up, with each stroke, ye shall waft a prayer
For a hero's parted soul!

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* Carried for safety to Columbia, broken to pieces there by Sherman's men, sent to England and re-cast, hung again in Charleston last year.

WAR-SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE.

No. 1.

DANCING UNDER SHELLS.

AMONG the strange varieties of the late War, I recall one which strikes me as specially unique.

I was in Charleston for some months in the winter of 1864, and attended several parties which the youth of the city found charming. One of these, I particularly remember. It was at a house just "out of range" of the Parrot shells, etc., with which the enemy favored us. The young officers of the 1st and 2nd Regulars, and the Light Dragoons, flower of our "chivalry," were those who most enjoyed these breaks in the monotony of war.

How we look back and number over the graceful forms in the brilliant artillery uniforms, or the privates in citizen's dress, equally of our first and oldest names! Ah! how do we think of the number now lying low around Petersburg, at the Wilderness, in the last sad fields of North Carolina! Who shall say their fate was not the brightest? Who of us would call them back to humiliation and despair? Rather let us remember them as they fell, at their brightest and their best. And the brilliant little parties of which I speak are glowing spots in my memory, for to those poor fellows they gave great pleasure, and their pleasures were few, hardships innumerable. It was a strange feeling to glance round at those officers, many of them mere boys in years, and remember how they had held Fort Sumter when the magazine was breached, and not an inch of the Fort bomb-proof. Held it when the suffering was so great that veterans from Lee's army begged to be relieved. Others of the dancers had been the heroes of Wagner and Gregg, others had shared the glory of Pocotaligo, where the foe were literally "ten to three." I cannot describe the mingled feeling of reverence and compassion, I, an older woman, felt for these noble boys!

The furniture of our party-room was droll. An ancient hired piano, all the odds and ends of chairs and sofas which were not worth removing, bare floor waxed for dancing, curtainless windows gracefully draped with ivy and evergreens generally, wood fires in the grates and very bad gas constituted the embellishments. But the musicians of the St. Cecilias had not forgotten their cunning, and the waltz and galop was as sweet as the richest salons. During the early part of the evening to which I refer, no shells

came, but at supper-time our fun grew more funny. The game and oysters, eaten with pewter forks and spoons—(silver buried) out of all varieties of china (sets sent to Cheraw for safety!), the punch made of whisky, (Bee sale,) in soup tureens, and drank out of everything from tumblers to coffee-cups, seemed particularly exhilirating. Everybody sat where they pleased, and groups ate supper at all manner of small tables, growing merrier and merrier.—The enemy seemed to suspect something "was up," and began shelling furiously. The whole air was filled with the roar of huge Parrot shells, and the house trembled as each rushed in. We could hear the crash into a house and then the explosion of each within a square or so of us.

Then our fun reached its climax! It was madly delightful to think how we were enjoying ourselves while their impotent fury roared around us. A distinguished Colonel at my table remarked:

"If the roof of this house were taken off and by a magic reflector the Yankees could see us just as we are now, I think they would give up shelling in despair!"

So we drank another toast—to the shells of course—and forming into a glorious German, we danced and the shells roared, and we ignored them, except to dance the more gaily to their roaring, until the unfortunate band-master showed me his left hand cramped into an impossibility of longer performance. So our dance ended. Back to Fort Sumter, Moultrie, James Island, Battery Beauregard and the Lines, rowed and rode our heroes. The gallant creoles of "the Staff" took an easier trip to head-quarters, and the belles retired to dream of the various combinations of grey, red, blue, and buff, and to wake late next morning under a firm impression that the shelling had ceased as soon as their heads were laid on their pillows—an error their late partners might have very truthfully corrected.

Oh happy, youthful hearts! which of ye beat so lightly now? Gone the high hopes, vain the noble courage, the uncomplaining fortitude, all in vain! No! not in vain! We have the undying memory of great things borne and done, and it is God's decree no heroic act is done in vain, even though our eyes cannot see its end. We failed—it was His will—but we are the nobler for the struggle, and we struck for the right, right manfully—the end was not our's to rule.

THE CHANGE.

So you are married. Well I'll not complain,
Or with reproaches greet the new-made bride;
Or urge the fullness of my love. 'Twere vain
To argue from it, and him by your side.
But tell me why, on one soft summer night,
In voice that mingled with the murmuring pines,
You bid me love, and said your heart's good might
Was in its love, and strong in its confines?
And you did tell me watch the fleecy cloud
That floated listless in the blue above;
And said how like the silent, pearly crowd
Of vapor was to woman's tender love;
For they were bright and golden-edged when
The warm-lipped sun kissed their moistened cheek;
And come in purple for the joy of men,
Cleanse the impure and emulate the meek.
And oft a dainty bit of paper told
The history of a heart within a page—
The facile pen spoke earnestly and bold,
And wailed my absence as a woeful age,
And on some like Patchouly-scented sheet
You urged me softly come to you again
With open heart your own full heart to greet—
To speak the love whose silence gave you pain;
That you had taught your soul how very sweet
It was to love and to be loved by one,
Who gave no artful words arranged to cheat
A confidence. And said your soul was won,
While every "P. S." held within its space
A well wrought love, epitomized in word:—
And yet I cannot see in your calm face
The danger that I trustingly incurred.
Your eyes are grey but truthful in their gaze,
And hold a day-full of benignant light,
While over all your countenance there plays
A well expressed emotion of delight.
But now, methinks that *you* have proved untrue,
It is an easy thing to love another,
And any well instructed heart can do

As you have done—forget an absent lover.
Farewell grey eyes—no light of yours is mine;
And rosy lips, you owe me not a kiss;
For me no more a loving light will shine,
Or there recall th' once beguiling bliss.
And smooth white hands no more th' electric touch
Will send my heart full throbbing to my throat;
And soft-toned voice whose wooing power was such
That Love swore fealty to its primal note:
Good-bye to these and each associate grace
And all that Love distinguished in your mien.
I hope no dream will shadow out your face
To fill my slumbers with its faithless sheen.
I hope no inconsiderate memory may
Retain concealed within some sacred nook,
When faithful spirits nightly kneel to pray,
The still remembrance of a word or look,
To bring when years have placed a waste between,
And I forgetting deem myself forgot,
A vision of the Past whose lovely sheen
Shall fill my soul and light the lethean spot.
The years were long and man uncertain:—true;
But less perfected hearts beat still the same;
And prayed that He might lead us safely through
And bring the loved ones, loving home again.
Through four long years their souls were with the Grey,
Whilom, the God of Battles, pierced their heart,
And bade us yield the Flag, the Cause, the Day—
Of cherished love they gave no single part.
But you were fain to drop a single tear
For our great loss, and turn to sunny life,
To strangely counsel with a growing fear,
And make yourself the victor's radiant wife.

Memphis, Tenn. HENRY P. PARR.

GEN. LEE AT THE "WILDERNESS."

BY R. C——, OF "HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE."

In reading the February number of "The Land We Love," your correspondent read with unfeigned pleasure the able article under head of "*The Lost Dispatch*," which was a partial criticism upon E. A. Pollard's "Lost Cause"—a work that assumes the glorious task of recording truthfully the deeds and experience of Confederate arms, but which, in fact, prostitutes its pages to abuse of our late President, and in giving incorrect, unfair and impartial statements of both actors and their acting. In "The Lost Dispatch" the position is well taken that the *true* history of our late struggle will be the labor of that historian, who dilligently collects from every source possible, the information oral and written which those who were actors are able to give, and upon this data of fact build, in an honest and impartial manner, the glorious historical structure which is to tell future ages and generations of the gallant struggle which the Southern people made for their liberty and independence. From the Field Marshal to the humblest private in the ranks, each has a rich store of information—and as a thousand mountain rills go to form the deep and fast rolling waters of a majestic river—so will these varied and multifarious sources, from whence will flow the correct history of our late war, have to be consulted before truth can place her seal upon any writing that assumes to be a history of the Confederate States upon land and upon sea.

An humble participant in the late war, I take upon myself the liberty of seeking in your columns a brief space for the purpose of mentioning and preserving from error, an important incident of the late contest—which deserves to occupy one of the brightest pages upon our country's history. I come prepared to state what I saw and what I heard, and not what was reported to me through many mouths—I shall be brief—for were my pen able, no ornamentation from it, could add to the glory and grandeur of the main fact that I shall state.

That Gen. R. E. Lee exposed his life during the battle of the "Wilderness," May 6th, 1864, is generally known to the Southern people—but the truth of the affair has never, to my knowledge, been given—I have read accounts, both in prose and poetry, of Gen. Lee's noble conduct on the eventful 6th of May—but however near to the truth of the case—and were written, perhaps, by some who "snuffed the battle from afar," and gathered their records from those

who fled the face of danger—the truth is this.

In the fall of 1863, Gen. Longstreet, with two divisions of his corps, (Hood's and McLaws') was ordered to Georgia to reinforce Gen. Bragg. This we did, and participated in the battle of "Chickamauga," after which we were ordered to Knoxville, Tennessee to lay siege to the place, and which was done without success.

In the latter part of April 1864, Gen. Longstreet found himself and corps in the vicinity of Bristol, on the Virginia and Tennessee line. About May 1st, 1864, we took up the line of March, and were transported to Cobham station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, near Charlottesville. At this place new clothing, guns, bayonets, ammunition and ample provisions were issued to our corps, and we were reviewed by Generals Lee and Longstreet. At that time our corps contained only the two divisions that Longstreet took with him to Georgia. During our stay in Georgia and Tennessee, Gen. Hood was made a Lieutenant General, and Major Gen. Field assigned in his place. Maj. Gen. McLaws was removed and Brig. Gen. Kershaw, of South Carolina, made a Major General in his stead, and my old brigade, "Texas," was placed under Brig. Gen. Jno. Gregg, of Texas—vice Brig. Gen. Robertson removed.

We took up the line of march from Cobham station about the 2nd or 3rd of May—which, I now forget—and continued on a steady march until the night of the 5th, going into camp about 7 or 8 p. m. Late in the evening of the 5th we heard the report of cannon, and were informed that we were near Gen. Lee's army. We did not know at the time that the grand battle of the "Wilderness" had begun on the 5th, and merely deemed the report of cannon "a feeling of the enemy's position." At this time, as I had been for several months, I was acting on Gen. Gregg's staff as courier—and in a position to see and know all that I have, or may hereafter relate.

By 3 a. m., on the morning of the 6th, the long roll beat, the men were aroused, under arms, and the march soon began. We moved steadily on, though rather at a rapid pace, with the "Texas Brigade" leading the van of Gen. Field's division. By daylight, or perhaps a little later, we had reached the turnpike known as the "Fredericksburg Turnpike." By daylight the boom of cannon, and the distant rattle of small arms, were borne upon the breeze, and knowing that the two armies were immediately facing each other, we recognized that a grand battle had begun, and we would soon be called upon to act well our part. Reaching the turnpike, we took the direction leading to Fredericksburg, and before going very far not only was our speed accelerated, but Gen. Kershaw's division (the other division of our corps) occupied the pike side and side with us, and thus situated, the two divisions moved rapidly down the pike in the direction of the firing—the men of separate commands mingling one with another.—

When moving down this pike, the sun rose beautifully, but to the notice of all had a deep, red color, and the brave Gen. Gregg, upon seeing this, remarked to those who were riding near him, "there is the sun of Austerlitz"—a prophecy that found verification ere it sunk to rest among the sombre shades of night. The nearer our steps led us towards the firing, the din of battle became louder and more terrible.—Faster and faster our columns moved on to the scene of conflict, until we were almost at a double-quick. Directly horsemen came dashing to and fro; aids were cantering about; ambulances containing the wounded went flying to the rear; litters with their unfortunate burdens were moving towards the hospitals; stragglers without number were flocking back with tales of distress, annihilation and defeat—all these signs betokened that bloody and desperate work was going on, and that too not many yards distant. A half mile more, and by 6 o'clock, we found ourselves upon the scene. Both of our divisions mingled together in one mass upon the turnpike.—As a part of this narative, I will give the situation of affairs as we found them upon our arrival at the scene, and a short or imperfect idea of the ground.

The position where we found ourselves upon being halted, was near the brink of a hill which gradually sloped down for the distance of 200 yards, where immediately began the dense undergrowth known as the wilderness. The turnpike led over and down this hill and continued on into the wilderness. Immediately at the turn of the hill, where the turnpike or plank-road passed, hasty breastworks were partially constructed and under construction; and along these were strewn a body of stragglers that had been rallied, as well as some half dozen pieces of artillery that were playing upon the dense wilderness below. Near this hasty defense we fonnd, upon our arrival, our loved commander-in-chief, Gen. Lee, Gen. Longstreet, their staffs, and body-guards. I have often seen Gen. Lee, but never did I see him so excited, so disturbed—never did anxiety or care manifest itself before so plainly upon his countenance. If I mistake not he was almost moved to tears—if in error, others share it with me, and his voice was anxious and tremulous. And well, kind reader, may his anxiety have been great. The evening before, Gen. A. P. Hill, with the divisions of Generals Wilcox and Heath, had met the enemy upon the ground before us, and night found them victorious. That night, (May 5th,) supposing the enemy demoralized and fleeing, they placed their pickets but a stone's throw in advance of the line of battle, and laid aside their accoutrements and arms, at least such is my latter day information. But be this as it may, they were attacked next morning, at break of day, unawares, and unprepared, and ere many blows were struck, the great body of Gen. Hill's two divisions were in full flight—and an overwhelming and victorious enemy had only a

handful of brave souls who dared stay their advance. On they came, and by 6 or 7 a. m., at which time our corps (Longstreet's) came upon the scene, the enemy were not far from the hill before described—and unless checked would soon possess it, be out of the wilderness, and prepared to strike us a death blow.—The other division of Gen. Hill's corps, (Gen. Anderson's,) for some reason, had not arrived as soon as was expected. Here let me say that if in aught written I have done any injustice to the brave men who composed Gen. Hill's corps, it is not so intended. That their conduct on that day was natural from the circumstances, we cannot deny. I will also state here, that since that battle, I have learned that when our corps set out that morning, (May 6th,) at 3 a. m., we were on a flank movement, and that Gen. Hill being attacked and routed, the flank movement was abandoned in order that this position might be relieved.

As we stood upon this hill, Lee excited and in close consultation with Longstreet—our batteries thundering into the Wilderness below, the roar of musketry from the undergrowth below—our men retreating in a disorganized mass, and the Yankees pressing on and within musket shot, almost, of the hill upon which stood our idolized chief, indeed was an exciting time, and the emergency called for *immediate* and *determined* action upon the part of the Confederate General. Lee was equal to the hour. Action must *not* be delayed, for in less than five minutes the enemy would be upon the hill. Longstreet's corps as it then stood in one mingled mass upon the plank road, could not be thrown in, and time must be allowed for it to reform, and place itself in line of battle. The cannon thundered, musketry rolled, stragglers were fleeing, couriers riding here and there in post-haste, minnies began to sing, the dying and wounded were jolted by the flying ambulances, and filling the road-side, adding to the excitement the terror of death. The "Texas brigade," was in front of Fields' division—while "Humphrey's brigade" of Mississippians led the van of Kershaw's division. The consultation ended. Gen. Gregg and Gen. Humphrey were ordered to form their brigades in line of battle, which was quickly done, and we found ourselves near the brow of the hill, Gregg on the left—Humphrey on the right. "Gen. Gregg prepare to move," was the order from Gen. L. About this time, Gen. Lee, with his staff, rode up to Gen. Gregg—"General what brigade is this?" said Lee. "The Texas brigade," was General G's. reply. "I am glad to see it," said Lee. "When you go in there, I wish you to give those men the cold steel—they will stand and fire all day, and never move unless you charge them." "That is my experience," replied the brave Gregg. By this time an aid from General Longstreet rode up and repeated the order, "advance your command, Gen. Gregg." And now comes the point upon which the interest of this "o'er true tale" hangs.

"*Attention Texas Brigade*" was rung upon the morning air, by Gen. Gregg, "*the eyes of General Lee are upon you, forward, march.*" Scarce had we moved a step, when Gen. Lee, in front of the whole command, raised himself in his stirrups, uncovered his grey hairs, and with an earnest, yet anxious voice, exclaimed above the din and confusion of the hour, "*Texans always move them.*" Reader, for near four years I followed the fortunes of the Virginia army, heard, saw and experienced much that saddened the heart or appealed in one form or another to human passions, but never before in my lifetime or since, did I ever witness such a scene as was enacted when Lee pronounced these words, with the appealing look that he gave. A yell rent the air that must have been heard for miles around, and but few eyes in that old brigade of veterans and heroes of many a bloody field was undimmed by honest, heart-felt tears. Leonard Gee, a courier to Gen. Gregg, and riding by my side, with tears coursing down his cheeks and yells issuing from his throat exclaimed, "I would charge hell itself for that old man." It was not what Gen. Lee said that so infused and excited the men, as his tone and look, which each one of us knew were born of the dangers of the hour.

With yell after yell we moved forward, passed the brow of the hill, and moved down the declivity towards the undergrowth—a distance in all not exceeding 200 yards. After moving over half the ground we all saw that Gen. Lee was following us into battle—care and anxiety upon his countenance—refusing to come back at the request and advice of his staff. If I recollect correctly, the brigade halted when they discovered Gen. Lee's intention, and all eyes were turned upon him. Five and six of his staff would gather around him, seize him, his arms, his horse's reins, but he shook them off and moved forward. Thus did he continue until just before we reached the undergrowth, not, however, until the balls began to fill and whistle through the air. Seeing that we would do all that men could do to retrieve the misfortunes of the hour, accepting the advice of his staff, and hearkening to the protest of his advancing soldiers, he at last turned round and rode back to a position on the hill.

We reached the undergrowth—entered it with a yell, and in less than 100 yards came face to face with the advancing, triumphant, and sanguine foe—confronted only by a few brave souls who could only fire and yield their ground. The enemy were at least five or six to one of us, and death seemed to be our portion. With only 15 or 20 paces separating us, the contest waxed hot and deadlier. We gave a cheer and tried a charge, but with our handful of men our only success was to rush up to them, shoot them down, and shove them back some 10 or 15 yards. For 25 minutes we held them steady—not a foot did they advance, and at the expiration of that time more than half of our brave fellows lay around us dead, dying and wounded, and the few sur-

vivors could stand it no longer. By order of Gen. Gregg, whose manly form was seen wherever danger gloried most—I bore the order to the 5th and 1st Texas, to fall back in order.

After retreating some 50 yards, a most deafening yell was borne upon the breeze, and ere we were prepared to realize its cause, Gen. Longstreet's corps came sweeping by us, reformed, and reinforced by Gen. Anderson's division, and with a valor that stands unrivaled swept everything before them for three long miles—driving, in that long charge, the yankees from four different lines of breastworks that they had thrown up in their rear. The "Battle of the Wilderness" was won—all other fighting by the enemy that day and next was to prevent defeat from terminating in destruction.

The object, reader, of the advance made by Gregg and Humphrey, was to hold the enemy in check, to give Longstreet time to reform his corps. We accomplished our object.

The "Texas Brigade" entered the fight 673 strong. We lost in killed and wounded over 450.—Did we or did we not do all that men could? Gen. Gregg entered the fight with at least 12 commissioned and non-commissioned on his staff. Of these, several were killed, some wounded, and only two horses untouched. Gen. G's. horse was pierced by 5 balls—each creating a mortal wound—though he rode him until we fell back—sent him to the rear where he died.

My task is finished—and I have only to say if there ever lived a brave, fearless, unflinching and noble soldier—if ever there breathed a pure and honest patriot, he is to be found in that mouldering dust of a certain coffin in Hollywood cemetery, which contains the remains of Brig. Gen. Jno. Grêgg, who fell near Richmond, Va., Oct. 7th. 1864, one of the best, the truest, the noblest men that Texas ever claimed.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

To brighten him up and dispel all gloomy visions from his mind, I assembled everything that was bright about the house in his room. A gayly embroidered easy chair, with deep red roses and startlingly blue morning-glories, was transferred from the parlor to his bedside, a lively rug decorated the fire-place in which crackled and spurted a brisk, cheerful fire, while even the golden goblet, its brim crowned with a chaplet of violets and rich purple heartsease, was summoned from the parlor to

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do him honor, and placed upon a dainty little table beside the chair. Everything looked bright and tidy. I wore the most cheerful dresses I owned myself; even the servants must always appear nicely clad in dainty white aprons and neat dresses. I had trained the few servants that I had kept about the establishment so well, that affairs had gone on almost as usual during my absence in the sick room. Father had everything in the best order out of doors, and mother had come over expressly to attend to the vegetable garden; so that fine beds of peas and lettuce greeted my eyes on my first descent among such sublunary matters.

Alfred's room was a source of never-ending wonderment and delight to our good doctor when he would come in, and his feelings always found vent in some delicately kind expressions of encouragement. Doubtless he knew much of our previous history, the strange circumstances under which we had been married, Alfred's mad love for another, and his total neglect of the woman whom he had married out of pure pity for his father's broken-hearted sorrow. I could see by his manner that he appreciated our relative positions, endeavoring in an unobservable manner to improve that I occupied. For instance: he would say,

"Why, my dear sir, how *much* better you look this morning. It is all Mrs. Chauncey, I know. Waiving all pretensions to skill in her favor, I am a mere cipher in comparison to her."

To this, for a long time, Alfred would make no reply. It seemed to sadden him yet more, and I understood his feeling—at least, I thought I did—a sense of obligation where he did not wish to feel it, and the inadequateness of the cause for obligation, in proportion to its burden, the restoration of a life he did not prize or care to sustain. At that time he took scarcely any notice of the doctor, giving such slight answers to his questions that the latter had some difficulty in obtaining the necessary information.

But this gradually changed; his countenance softened, so did his manner. One day when I entered the room after a brief absence, I found the doctor quite confidential with him, and some pleasing topic appeared to be the subject of conversation, for they both looked towards me, the doctor with his kind smile, and Alfred with a light of welcome in his eyes.

"Your patient is better, madam," said the former, "I have been trying various restoratives. See that they are carried out," he added meaningly.

"I hardly think I have failed to execute any of your orders, doctor," I replied smilingly, "at least I do not remember to have done so."

"No, no, madam, I have perfect confidence in your judgment and memory both, I assure you. But I want to get this young man strong again, and have been offering him every inducement to get well as soon as possible that my poor brain could think of. It is time your care was approach-

ing an end and he was growing independent of you."

This time Alfred's face did not darken as had been its wont when the doctor mentioned my connection with his restoration, and he looked kindly towards me as he said sadly yet without gloom,

"I am not worth her care, doctor; it is a pity it should have been bestowed upon so worthless an object."

He sighed and turned away as if he had sealed his fate, and to be the object of kind solicitude filled him with nothing but shame, each act of kindness but making him feel the more that it was undeserved.

"Worthless?" exclaimed the doctor apparently quite indignant, "what are you talking about? The world has need of you, my boy. Be up and see if it don't. I only wish I could have your vote next fall to put that confounded rascal, Jones, out of place. Besides," he continued, seeing that Alfred did not warm to politics, "There is much to arouse and animate you, as you will see when Providence first, Mrs. Chauncey next, and I last, will have got you down and about again.

The doctor would talk thus to his languid patient, trying by every kind means in his power to arouse him into life again, or a desire for it, the greatest difficulty of all and that which most retarded his recovery.

I never left him long; but one day when I was busy about some housekeeping duty in another apartment, Melissa came in with her breathless, agitated manner.

"Wont you please come to Mars. Alfred, madam?

What's the matter?" I asked, not so much alarmed as I might have been, for I was accustomed to Melissa's excited manner, "I left him quiet a few minutes ago."

"Nothin' at all, madam, nothin' at all. But he woke up and looked 'round startled like, and then seemed disappointed like, and axed where you was."

"Did he tell you to come for me?"

"No madam, but I knowed as how he wanted you, for when I axed him if I must call you, he said, 'no, no, don't disturb her,' but I knowed he did want you, and come to tell you."

I put the finishing touch to what I was doing, and then returned to him with a new joy in my heart, sending the light to my eyes and the color to my cheeks, I felt, as I timidly approached him.

"Did you want me?" I asked, smoothing his pillow or doing some little office or other as a relief to the shyness that stole over me just then.

"Did Melissa go for you? She should not have done that. You have kept yourself so constantly in this sick room that it is better for you to be away. Go again, do not stay here; it must be so tiresome to you."

"Oh! no, I *want* to stay," I replied timidly, "I only went out to attend to something while you slept, and was coming right back when Melissa came for me."

"You are very kind," he said with that only expression of gratitude he then used to me, a

look of shame causing him to turn his eyes away from me. "Of all the world you did not forsake me. Is it that there is still good in it—that there is a merciful God in heaven?"

"Yes, yes," I replied earnestly, "there is good in all things, and the world is not so dark after all. Then God has made the earth very beautiful. Look at that sky beyond, framed in the tasselled fringe of the curtains above the basket of fruit, (I had set a basket of Malaga grapes and oranges in the window that the light might stream in over them and play on their bright, mingling colors) that bit of white cloud sailing before the March wind like a dropt plume from an angel's wing; at those white and purple violets in that gold cup, and do you tell me that God does not seek to make His children happy?"

"But the flowers fade, dark, stormy days come too, and the wind and the rain beat away the beauty from the earth and the light from the sky," he answered gloomily.

"So they do," I replied cheerfully, then quoted a line from a favorite little poem,

"Behind the clouds the sun is still shining."

"But the stormy days make the bright only the more beautiful by contrast, to be welcomed and enjoyed but the more intensely.—Then they clear away the horizon, dissipate sickly vapors that might be arising, the wind blows away the clouds that may be accumulating much more heavily, and the rain washes sky and earth till they come forth fresher and lovelier than ever, the flowers sweeter, the sky bluer than before."

He looked at me for a moment, then turned away sorrowfully.

"And I have been through such a storm, is it not so? Is the sun to shine, are the flowers to bloom again for me?"

"By God's mercy," I answered softly. "If not here, at least in heaven."

He turned his head again and glanced towards me.

"What do *you* know of life's storms—you who have never felt them, who have been all your life sheltered in your innocence and ignorance of the world by your own native oaks?"

I did not answer but turned my face away, and my hair falling down my cheek as I did so, he could not see my emotion.

"Your task, poor child," I heard him say in a changed tone, "I pity you for. I should not have said that last, for life must be very disagreeable to you under such circumstances, and I—" here he paused a moment, then added, "there *is* good on the earth—at least in you—; whether above it or not I cannot tell. In my dark moments I doubted the existence of a God. Now I think there must be."

I turned my eyes to him with the unshed tears still in them. "Oh! Mr. Chauncey, how could you doubt Him so? You did not pray to Him for strength, or He would have revealed Himself to you, I know. He has been so tender and merciful that you will soon learn to know and love Him, I am sure."

"Be it so then," he answered wearily. "The pride of intellect has departed from me; my mind is like a blank sheet on which I am too weak to trace characters of thought."

"A sheet on which the finger of God will write in characters of love with the knowledge of Him and His word illuminating the page," I answered cheerily.

That wan smile that sickness gives to the features passed over them, then he closed his eyes as if to sleep, but the expression did not indicate that repose he appeared to be seeking, and looked more like thought, as his brow was yet slightly knit, and the muscles of his lips tremulous.

CHAPTER XI.

His weakness continued a long time; such a weariness had taken possession of body and mind, and the effort to live so much of an exertion that strength seemed to have left him forever. He was very taciturn, would spend hours in silent thought, his head raised upon the pillow, with the thin hand clasping the forehead, and his dark eyes either cast down or fixed upon some object far away. At these moments I approached him hesitatingly, for some of my old awe would return, and I feared to break in unwelcomed upon his train of thought. Yet, upon turning and seeing it was I, a light would unconsciously break over his face, and a half smile play upon his lips. "My kind, gentle nurse," he said one day;—then many times afterwards.

I wondered what these fits of abstraction could mean, and feared that he was thinking of his lost love, so sad was the expression sometimes upon his features.—However, it comforted me to note that it had nothing of the wildness of despair in it, and appeared to be rather the revolving of some deep subject for thought than the anguish of jealousy or remorse.

One day I sat near him a little retired, so that my figure was not the first object his eye would rest upon in that direction. I heard him move and saw that he had changed his position so as to see me.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"The Bible," I answered reverently, and resumed my reading.

"You seem to be much engrossed with it. What is it that pleases you so?"

"It all pleases me," I replied simply, "it gives me life and strength."

"To perform your present thankless task, I presume?" he questioned, and looking at me with searching eyes.

"We need but little support where our own feel ——" here I stopped as I felt the blood mounting to my face, then continued rapidly, "if you loved it, I think you would feel very differently; it promises so much help and support in trouble."

"Let me hear it then and see," he answered gravely.

I selected one of the Psalms, because they are so soothing to a sick ear, choosing the twenty-third for the first, then pausing when done to see if he had listened.

"That is very sweet, indescribably so," he said, "read more of them."

I read him several, then as the evening was far advanced, I closed the book and seated myself by a window to look out upon the great red sunset. For many weeks I had not cared to look upon my greatest source of pleasure, the fading or dawning landscape, but this evening the old enjoyment came back with the keenness of a long denied relish.

The sunset clouds were in full glory, sweeping, rolling in full blazes of yellow and purple and crimson on the far off horizon, while through the reddened dusk, through the soft twilight of the room, seemed to float the music of the versicle, "Like as the dew of Hermon which fell upon the hill of Sion."

It appeared to have been a lullaby to Alfred, for he slept when darkness had blotted out the redness from my view and I had turned to look at him again, as he did all that night, awaking more refreshed than he had been yet in the morning.

Upon first opening his eyes he turned them as if seeking for something. If they sought me, I was not far off, for they soon rested where I sat, very near with some little piece of woman's work in my hand.

"You look so much better," I said, going to him with a tray that I had arranged for him upon awaking.

"I feel better," he said in a whisper, "but so weak. Yet there is a new sensation, a desire long lost, to eat and to live."

I called Melissa, and we propped him up while he partook, to my intense joy, with some appetite of the breakfast I had prepared.

When I had smoothed the coverlet and the pillow and had laid his head gently back upon the latter, he said,

"Would it be convenient for you to read to me?"

"With the greatest pleasure," I answered, "what shall I read?"

"Did you sing me to sleep last night?" he smiled faintly, "I fancied you did. Read to me from the same book; it soothed me so and fell like music on my senses."

I took the Book and read from the Gospel of St. John, the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

"As a child," he remarked when I had finished, "I was taught from that Book for the historical information it would give me, and as a part of my education, and if mentally impressed with the beauty and truth of its doctrines, they never touched me with the meaning of the words coming to me now. A revelation of infinite mercy appears to open upon my limited comprehension. Is it your reading?" he asked with a grave smile.

"Oh! no," I answered with earnestness, "it is God appearing to you through His Word."

"And you hope, though you

do not say so, that I will hearken to His communications."

"Yes, indeed;—for that I have prayed ever since your sickness."

His face became very thoughtful, but after a few moments he asked again,

"Then your kindness and care proceeded from a sort of missionary feeling towards me, as if I were a subject for tracts and conversion? You bestowed on me only a part of the kindness you feel for every one else?"

"Oh! Alfred!" It was the first time I had ventured to call him by his christian name, and it burst from me now involuntarily, while I felt my face crimsoning at my boldness, and he searching into it so intently. I was pained and embarrassed beyond measure, still he had no mercy.

"What does 'oh! Alfred' mean?" he asked with some earnestness.

I gave him no answer, of course, and drew away from him to a remote part of the room. Mine had been a silent, suffering love—it should never be intruded upon him till he sought it. He must read a stronger feeling than mere philanthropy in my confusion, but I did not dare to look up.

These Bible readings led to the perusal of other books, and I searched the library for suitable volumes. He preferred poetry to the more solid standard works, and we soared with Milton and Dante (in a translation) and many other old authors whose sublimity of conception ever strikes you with fresh wonder and admiration.

"Byron?" I asked one day smilingly, "will you have him for a companion to-day?"

"No," he replied, "I do not want him. He would be rather unwholesome nurture for a sick mind. Give me more healthy, nutritious food. Him I devoured when a stripling, though rejecting his grossness with disgust. Get something else."

I had tempted him with Byron purposely, and was rejoiced at his rejection of that most magnificent, most unhealthy of poets; so I selected the "Fairy Queen," making his grave face almost expand at times into a smile at my queer pronunciation of the quaint old English.

When he could sit up, I had one of the most luxurious easy chairs from the parlor wheeled into his room, and arranging it with cushions satisfactorily to myself he was placed there, his languid head reclining upon a pillow. My own seat was by the window between the curtains; and with a vase of flowers beside me on the sill, occupied with books when he desired me to read, or work when he was tired of listening, I passed hours near him thus.

Resolving never to intrude myself or my affections needlessly upon him, when I thought he could do without me, I would withdraw at times and busy myself elsewhere.

"You have been gone very long," he said to me reproachfully one day as I reëntered his apartment after having left him for rather more than an hour comfortably arranged in his easy chair with books and all I thought he could want about him.

"Did you wish for anything during my absence?"

"Yes, I wished for *you*, Mary. You do not know how very lonesome I am when you are gone.—However," he added, changing his tone, "do not let me confine you longer to this dull room. You have done infinitely more for me, than I deserve already, and it is shamefully selfish in me to desire more at your hands."

I took my seat and work immediately.

"You wish to be out in the bright sunshine," he said with an invalid's nervousness. "You brought in roses in your cheeks as bright as those in the garden. Go, then, my kind, gentle Mary, and recruit yourself in the open air."

"I would rather be here," I replied without raising my head.

"Would you rather be here?" he repeated with something like pleasure in his voice. "Then there is some one who does not care to leave me." His tone saddened as if old memories swept over him and he knew that I was all that remained to him.

From that time I understood that he did not wish me to leave him, that he was lonesome when I was away, so I stayed by him, took my work in there, and busied myself where he could see me.

But this did not deceive me,—even my heart's trembling hope could not make me regard these instances of interest in me as love. I knew that sickness and convalescence make great changes in us, that the childish dependence we feel in the hour of suffering and weakness is lost in returning health and strength; as, looking back in our maturity, we wonder at the feelings of childhood, and marvel that we could ever have been children. I might be to him as a sister, a friend, but nothing more. To love me after the brilliant Adéle was impossible I knew.

CHAPTER XII.

Days and weeks passed thus. My father attended to the property agreeably to my request, and never had it returned better harvests than when under his skillful hands; while mother was extremely kind with her assistance in-doors, so prosperity smiled about us while I was in my dear one's sick room.

Our readings went on while Alfred slowly regained his strength. Sometimes he would take his pen and write for hours, at other times sit there in quiet thought. Often upon my return to his room after a brief absence, I would find my little Bible in his hand, and he engaged in searching out my reference marks, once or twice laying it down upon seeing me, with some trifling observation, and smiling at my marginal notes. My opinions, however, I steadily maintained, feeling myself there to be his superior, for however great his intellectual knowledge of the Book might be, I knew that mine was from the heart not the brain, that it had adapted itself to my poor understanding as it would not to those who sought it in earthly wisdom. At least, such was my humble

faith, so I firmly combatted his sentiments which, I believe now, he uttered partly to bring me out.

When we had been reading for some weeks,—at first in his weakness and pain he had listened in silence,—we would pause and speak of the various characters and incidents described in our book, or he would make some remark calculated to draw me forth, so that, unconsciously, I frequently lost myself in admiration of the subject, warming into enthusiasm as I dilated upon what was congenial to my tastes and sentiments.

Turning to him for his opinion one day, I caught an expression of delighted surprise upon his countenance, which speedily recalled me to myself, and caused me to stop in the midst of my enthusiastic eulogy.

"Go on," he said, "you refresh me like a shower upon a dry, thirsty land with your fresh, original thoughts."

"You didn't know that I loved books?" I said half playfully, half in earnest.

He sighed as he answered, "I had many things to learn about you, and every day teaches me to expect yet more." *Gratitude* teaches you, I thought; as a friend he can discover in me qualities greater than he had supposed me capable of possessing.

So he grew stronger day by day, very slowly and imperceptibly, yet improving nevertheless, able to stand and to walk about the room, or to sit, unsupported, by the window. The wound was healed, though the scar—alas! remained to tell its fearful story, and the debility resulting from the illness and loss of blood.

One day when I had been gathering fresh flowers in the garden, I returned to his room, and disposing of my hyacinths and wall-flowers, I went softly about, thinking of many little things I intended to do for him, and doing all I could to promote his comfort for the present.

It was evening, a lovely May evening, and he sat by the window in his easy chair, looking handsomer than he had done since his illness, in a dressing-gown of rich colors falling loosely about him, the lingering sunbeams shooting across his wavy hair, till it brightened into threads of gold, across his forehead where the blue network of veins told of his sickness and suffering.

He was silent as in thought, with his head supported on his arm which leant upon the arm of the chair, the shadows growing longer about him as eve advanced. He asked me to read a little. I took the book we were engaged upon at the time, and drew my seat near, when he said,

"Not there, will you take this?" It was a low stool at his feet. "I do not want to place you so humbly," he added, smiling slightly, "but I want you near."

With my heart beating strangely, I took the seat there as he wished, feeling the sunlight glow upon my hair too, and it seemed to envelope us both in one golden haze. As I was searching for the lost place in the volume, he said,

"Never mind the place, Mary; it will soon be dark."

The book fell from my hand

and lay unheeded on the floor.

"Life seems very different to me since I knew you, Mary."

"Why so, Alfred?"

"Do you think that a man can be so far lost as that the daily intercourse with a good woman will have no effect upon him?"

"Do you think that I could watch you day after day with all your loveliness of disposition and unselfish devotedness, ministering to me in my lost, despairing hour" —here his voice broke down— "like an angel of kindness and consolation, yet remain unmoved? Could I be constantly with you and not learn to love you?"

My drooping head was turned away from him, while my heart beat to suffocation. Was I dreaming or waking?

He took my hand and pressed it in his. "My dear, guardian angel," he said, "you do not know how I have learned to love you. I had a wild, mad passion," he sighed as he spoke, "it led me into horrible sin. But since my illness, and companionship with a good woman, the old things seem to have passed away and all things to have become new. My old self appears to have departed in the hours of suffering, in which mental anguish far outweighed the physical; when a gentle hand laid its cool, soft touch on my burning forehead and a low, sweet voice whispered consolation in my ear, strengthening me to endure a life which I believed to be robbed of all motives for continuance; when an earnest voice prayed for me at my bedside at the times you supposed me to be unconscious, and an angelic countenance was raised in supplication, bringing the return of prayer in peace to my wearied soul, old as I was in disappointment and sorrow, if young still in years. So, Mary, peace has stolen into my bosom again. The memory of my passion is now as but a dream. It was rather adoration,—delirium,— than love. In her place has stolen the sweet face and pure, fresh heart of my jewel."

The disengaged hand clasped itself tightly over my face, while the sobs of happiness that swelled to my throat choked my utterance.

"Oh! Mary, if I were but worthy of your love, if your pure, angelic heart could but feel for me as I do for you, I might be happy once more."

Still I said nothing.

"You say nothing," he said reproachfully, "you cannot love me then, and I only grieve you by this acknowledgement."

I turned my face then, and it must have been glowing with the long suppressed love I had borne him, for he took both my hands and bent his head towards me.

"Is it so?" he asked eagerly, "can you like me?"

"As I like myself, only far better,—as a part of my nature, of my existence, I like you, Alfred. Do you think that I would have married you when I did if I had not loved you, humiliating as the circumstances were?"

"Love me?" he repeated, mute with surprise.

"How else could I have married you?"

"I thought—" he uttered confusedly.

"I know what you thought;—that an ignorant country girl, too void of sensibility and delicacy to be alive to the painful position she would occupy, from motives of vulgar ambition consented to marry you unsought, and thus, in spite of coldness and repulsion upon your part, pushed herself on you with the aid of our respective parents."

He was silent to this.

"What else could you think?" I said smiling, and much reässured myself at his confusion.

"Never mind what I thought. I thought nothing in my days of madness and folly. I know now of a very lovely woman, who has been the source of unspeakable comfort to me, and whom I love with the respectful devotion of maturer years."

"A brother's love," I murmured turning away.

"Not so," he exclaimed impetuously, "why will you doubt me, Mary? You asked me why you married me,—let me hear it from yourself. You did so because—"

It was very hard to answer him then, particularly as he seized both my hands more firmly in his grasp and bent his head to search into my downcast eyes, while my face glowed as if it had been on fire.

"Because—?" he repeated impatiently.

"Because, Alfred, I loved you."

I felt his hands tremble as they held mine. "How could you?" he asked in a low tone.

The gathering twilight gave me more boldness. I did not tell him all, for reserve even then forbade my letting him know of the wild delirium of unsought love, of my mad jealousy of my brilliant rival, and of those years of hopeless, despairing sorrow.

One thing I told him, and more eloquently than when my stammering lips had confessed my love;—that was, that when I knew him to be in deep suffering my own anguish had been little less, how I had longed for power to comfort, had prayed for him, little thinking in what form that power would come; and that when it did come, I had willingly, though in so humbling a manner to woman's pride, accepted the post.

"*I* am humbled now," he said in a low tone. "Then, Mary, when the world was dark,—God's heaven a black abyss engulfing me,—when I stood in a wilderness as desolate as Hagar's, bitterly warring in my heart against every creature; and everything human or divine arrayed, as I believed, against me, you came as an angel from Him and rescued me from a worse than death. It was to your unselfish devotion—how earned I know not—and so purely, delicately shown—that I owe my salvation from— " he shuddered.—"What do I not owe you? what *will* I not owe you, my Mary? I will go from this sick room—God helping—" he reverently bent his head—"another man, every energy spent in endeavor to retrieve the past and profit to the utmost in the future. If I can but make myself worthy of one whom I have the honor and happinoss to call my wife, I shall be something yet, Mary."

Was *he* talking in this strain to

me? I could not believe it—that the patient love of years had its fruition at last;—that with his arm thrown around me I was sobbing out my happiness upon his shoulder.

The next morning when father came and sent up some message to me about the business of the day, Alfred said,

"I wish you'd ask him up. I should like to see him."

With a pleased smile I ran down to meet father and deliver to him Alfred's message.

"Humph! so he wants to see me, does he?" was father's characteristic reply. "Glad he's coming round."

When I reëntered Alfred's room with him, the former arose and received him with a very different air from what he had ever done before.

"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Chauncey," spoke father, after giving him a look of examination.

"Oh! I hope to be out of this room and from under your angel of a daughter's care before long, when I shall be able to relieve you of the charge you have been burdened with so long."

"Happy to hear it," replied my father, "it has been about almost too much for me,—yours and Mary's affairs and my own. It would be a blessed thing, indeed, to see you about again."

They entered into a long conversation about the farm, the prospects for harvests and so forth, while I stitched away in trembling happiness by the window; sunbeams pouring in around me over the flowers, between the curtains; sunbeams in my heart flooding my life as the more tangible ones did the room, and sent every object swimming in its lustre.

Loved at last! A song of thankfulness gushed forth in my heart, and transformed the pale, timid creature into a new being fitter to mate with him.

His bride at last, and loved best of all the world!

In the first impulse of joy, I had hasted away and thrown myself at the feet of my heavenly Father, there to pour forth my happiness and gratitude.

As I sat there, too happy at seeing them thus together to listen to the dry statistics of weather and crops, the door opened and mother was ushered in.

She looked hesitatingly about her as if uncertain whether to enter or not, with her basket in one hand, her chicken bonnet in the other. "I was told Mr. Ashburton was here," she said.

"Come in, madam. I am glad to see you," said Alfred, rising and going to meet her. "Take this chair," and he pushed his own easy chair towards her.

"No, on no account, Mr. Chauncey," she replied in wondering confusion, and seated herself uneasily on the edge of a cane bottomed one, bonnet and basket still in hand.

"Let me relieve you of your basket, mother." I took it from her and was going to remove the bonnet too, but she resisted the latter.

"I just come to bring Mr. Chauncey some jelly I made yes-

terday, thinking he might like something from home."

"I thank you," returned Alfred, smiling," I have profited very much by your skill already in your instructions to your daughter. You made her as great an adept in that line as yourself, didn't you? At least it has seemed to me lately that no hand could be as skillful as hers in anything she undertook."

"Yes," replied mother, only half understanding him, and looking from one to the other in amazement, "she was a smart child enough at such things, though the moment she was through, she was at her books. I often wondered how she contrived to do both, for I was always of opinion these book-learned people didn't know much else."

"Well, that old belief was completely disproved in your daughter's case," observed Alfred with another smile, "and I have the rare happiness of possessing one who can unite intellect and domestic talent without making the one interfere with the other. If I can but make myself worthy of her, my dear madam, and repay her care by taking, in my turn, the best care of her, it will be all I seek or wish in this world."

He took my hand and drew me near him, while tears glistened in the eyes of all;—even father brushed away a drop with the cuff of his rough working coat. They understood then that Mary's love had won its reward, and that she was dear at last to the heart of the man whom she had served so long and so hopelessly.

THE END.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE first time we entered Westminster Abbey was during Divine service. The pews were filled, and as we joined a group standing a little to the right of the entrance, I directly perceived just above us, the monument to William Pitt, so intimately connected with American history. It was surmounted by his statue, with extended arm and earnest face, as in the attitude of speaking. It awakened a thrill in my mind, and the long past seemed to become a living reality. At that distance we heard little of the service, but as I stood in that venerable building, and glanced at one and another of the monuments and statues of the illustrious dead of other ages, the emotions awaked by it were indescribable. The solemn tones of the organ reverberating through the ancient arches, seemed truly the music of other days, and the words, "I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting" were deeply impressive and full of meaning. We gradually approached until near enough to hear distinctly the latter part

of the sermon. It was scriptural and earnest, inculcating strongly the duty of diligence, self-consecration and self-denial in the work of Christ—daily striving to follow that example of active usefulness and benevolence, which the Master himself had given: to accomplish which he happily impressed upon them the necessity of an unceasing reliance upon the aid of the Holy Spirit.

It was just what we would wish to hear in such a place, and from a clergyman of the established Church of England.

I felt it a pleasing introduction to what is one of the most interesting memorials of successive centuries, not only in England, but perhaps in all the world.

We afterwards made a second visit to it in the week. The building is in the form of a Latin cross, and as we passed slowly down the aisle, crowded with the monuments and statues of the celebrated, of widely-varying periods, the impression is one of solemn magnificence. Founded in 616 by King Sebert, it was altered and added to in successive reigns, but received the finishing embellishments by Sir Christopher Wren in the beginning of the 18th century. Here are memorials, comprising alike statesmen, philosophers, military commanders and bishops, with representatives of every branch of literature.

Perhaps no portion attracts so general interest as the Poet's Corner, appropriated to the monuments and relics of poets and literary men. Here is a crowding of noble names familiar to every reader, as Cowper, Campbell, Johnson, Addison, Milton, &c., as well as others whose works are little known at the present day. My eye caught the bust of Macauley, just to the right and a little behind the elegant monument to Addison. I went near to enjoy a close observation of the finely-sculptured features of this attractive writer, and after some little time, glancing at the floor, found myself standing on a marble slab, which covered his remains. I quickly stepped aside, feeling almost as if I had committed sacrilege. These slabs are of dark color, and exactly on a level with the stone floor. Perhaps no one takes a step in this Abbey, which has for centuries been the cemetery of distinguished persons, without walking over some one. But they utter no complaint.—There they have been resting quietly, some of them, for several centuries, indifferent alike to praise or blame; their spirits, if happy, only so because they exercised in life that faith in the merits of the Saviour, which is alike the privilege of the humblest intellect. But we love to linger among these tombs and monuments, and reflect that those, whose memories they perpetuate, are yet living, most of them, we trust, a higher, more glorious life, in the light of that "eternity which still begins where computation ends." They did their work, and the work of the historian and poet, rightly directed, is a noble one. They have done much to extend and elevate the range of thought, and to purify and ennoble the feelings. They made all the phases of nations and

of human character, all the forms and resources of nature subservient to their large and fertile minds. While their labors have encircled their names with undying fame, they have sent forth an influence, which is still felt from the palace to the cottage.

Afterwards we went with a large party into the old chapel at the eastern extremity of the Abbey, and appropriated almost exclusively as the burial place of sovereigns and princes. We were conducted by a guide through the various compartments of this very ancient structure. Here are the tombs of kings and queens extending back to the eleventh century. Some of them are surmounted by figures in recumbent position, which are often peculiar and repulsive, but a few are beautiful as works of art. There were the tomb and monument of the faithful queen Eleanor, erected by her devoted husband, Edward the First. We were gratified to see the beautiful monument to the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, built by order of James the First. He has been accused of much neglect of his unhappy mother, and it is pleasant to see even a partial contradiction of this charge in this beautiful memorial in this venerated place. It far exceeds that of her inveterate enemy, Queen Elizabeth, and indeed is equaled by very few in the crowded chapel. A life-sized statue of her with well-chiseled features rests full length upon the summit of the monument. Here are aged and mouldy representatives of many noble and some very unfortunate families of England.—A tomb of a niece of Cromwell was pointed out to us, and the place where once rested the body of Cromwell himself. After the restoration it was taken up, and consigned to utter oblivion, no one having the slightest idea where it was removed. But it is unnecessary, and would be tedious to the reader to enumerate all which are interesting to an observer. We must not, however, omit to mention those of the hero of Macauley, William III., and his queen, Mary, which are simple in construction, but we loved to linger around them.

The stone work in some parts of this division is so elaborate and so delicately traced as to be truly marvelous. At one point we had a splendid view of the long aisle, extending 180 feet, the beautifully stained circular window in the western transept, just then lighted by the rays of the evening sun, shed a mellowed and many colored light upon the columns, arches, and singular sculpture.

We saw the ancient, oaken and rather unsightly chair, in which all the monarchs of England are seated when crowned. Here Queen Victoria received the solemn badge of empire. It seemed almost the value of a crown, almost enough to crush a sensitive spirit, to come into that dismal place, so old and mouldy, so filled with the tombs and monuments of the dead, and sit in that old chair, which seems in itself almost a sepulchre of centuries, take there the solemn oath, and have the head encircled, with what indeed glitters resplendent with rare and costly jewels, but which, in all

the responsibility and publicity it brings to the wearer, may be as the band of iron or a crown of thorns. Surely at such an hour the thoughtful mind would need a firm reliance on that wisdom and strength which cometh only from above.

Under this chair is the dark stone on which the kings of Scotland were crowned for many centuries, and which was captured and brought to England by Edward I.

It was some relief to emerge at length from these dreary wanderings among the long past, through an iron gate into the Poet's Corner again. Just as we entered, the sun shone brightly through an upper window, illuminating all that hallowed place, bathing the statues and monuments in a soft and pleasing radiance. It seemed a visitant from another world to tell of the glorious immortality of those whose bodies rested there. Just opposite was the statue of Addison, with a countenance at once so thoughtful and serene.—We thought of his last message to his infidel friend, that he "wished him to come and see how peacefully a Christian could die." It was the farewell visit of the evening sun—lingered just a little and was gone. But it was pleasant to know, that at least once every sunny day, this resting place of the great and the good is irradiated by his beams.

S. B. H.

PARIS.

THE PARC MOUCEAUX.

ONE of the most beautiful spots in this city of beauties, indeed, it is almost warrantable to say the one of greatest attraction, is the Parc Mouceaux. Possessing not the vast size, and long drives, and walks which greet the eye at every turning in the Bois de Boulogne, and whose far extending vistas, shaded by the large trees which, from either side, entwine their giant arms overhead in green luxuriant arches, as though Nature, and not Man, had exerted her power to form at once a sheltered, cool, and agreeable retreat, where the freshness of the forest seems transported to the middle of the great city, nor the stiff, artistic appearance of a modern garden, with its beds of flowers at such regular distances, and trimmed trees, and vines, so mathematically exact,—it yet combines them both, losing the faults of the one in the beauties of the other, the immensity of the first, in the comparatively small dimensions of the second.

It was first planted in 1778, by the care of Philippe d'Orléans, father of King Louis Philippe, then Duc de Chartres, and occupies the spot where an ancient

village stood,—Mouceaux, Mouceau, or Mousseaux,—from which it takes its name—prior to that period, to the North West of Paris.

The site was at first arid and barren, devoid of all that could make it interesting, but being confided to the skill of Carmontelle, he made a delightful English garden of it; conducted to it water in abundance; raised temples, obelisks, tombs, grottoes, kiosks, a fort in ruins, a fire pump; created jets of water, fountains, and cascades. It was then a beautiful proof of what man could produce from Art and Nature combined, and is, to-day, a miniature of the vast and luxurious promenades of the Bois de Boulogne, of the Luxembourg, and the Tuileries, and a place of pleasure and resort.

After the death of Philippe d' Orleans, the National Convention ordered that it should cease to be exclusive, and become a place of public utility, and hence made of it a promenade open to all, established games, and balls there. For a time it was much frequented, but because of its distance from the centre of the city, it was soon abandoned by seekers of pleasure. When the Restoration was effected, Louis XVIII. restored the Parc to the family of Orleans, in whose possession it remained until the promulgation of the Presidential decrees of 1852. Since this epoch it was only accessible through the permission of its guardian, M. d'Arboussier. After the death of the Duchess of Orleans, the property was ceded by the heirs, to M. Emile Périére, and finally, in adopting the project of the Boulevards Malsherbes and Mouceaux, the city of Paris itself came into possession of a part of it, in order to appropriate it to use as a public walk, after it had suffered numerous and radical transformations.

The garden may be approached by three principal entrances, one at the rotunda of the ancient Barriére de Chartres; the two others, specially intended for the circulation of carriages, are placed, one on the Boulevard Malsherbes, and the other on the Rue de Courcelles, facing the Avenue Mouceaux, which, commencing at this gate, stretches down to the Arc de Triomphe, or Barriére de l'Etoile. These entrances at gates of different sizes, designed as much for carriage ways as pedestrians, are ornamented with magnificent iron railings, surmounted by the arms of the city of Paris, and the seal of the Emperor. The doors themselves are hung on pilasters of the Ionic order, topped by elegant amortessments. Two large arteries run through the grounds, ornamented here and there with handsome candelabres de gaz, and bordered with granite, while multitudes of other and smaller alleys cross each other in either direction, whose sides are garnished with a profusion of flowers, and the curiosities which the dismemberment of the Parc has let remain. Of this number are the river, the bridge, the grotto, the Naumachie, (a vast basin of an oval form, surrounded by columns of the Corinthian order,) the tomb, shaded by a large forest tree, and finally, the rotunda.—

This last monument, however, completely transformed, serves to-day as the habitation of the guardian of the Parc.

The Duc d'Orléans seems to have understood that the true plan of construction for a garden is to avoid those stiffnesses and formalities in the gardens of now-a-days, and presenting different views, and varying tableaux, to lure the eye on, and charm it with the changing landscapes, that move like the shifting scenes of some fairy opera. It was a place consecrated to pleasure, and hence its founder and first owner gave it the name of Folly. It frequently served as the theatre for incidents, which only the private recollections of the period can tell.

The principal pavilion, in which gathered the familiars of the prince, was of elegant construction, was afterwards used as a rendezvous to the sons of Louis Philippe, returning from the chase, and still exists in a part of the Parc not under the control of the State. It was in this Pavilion that Louis Philippe—Joseph, Duc d'Orléans, and Grand Master of the Free Masons, made his adepts undergo the fantastic, and sometimes apparently cruel proofs which preceded their reception into the order. Here also he passed his nights in wild play. A story is told on this subject to this effect: A young German came to Paris with large sums in his possession, was presented to Philippe under the double quality of a noble, and a libertine, and was admitted to Mouceaux. He played, and lost, and the humor having seized him, he allowed familiar imprecations to escape him towards those whom the fatal passion for play had mastered.—A nobleman attached to the Duc de Chartres represented to the German that he should not speak thus before the Prince, his master. The too frank person replied unconcernedly that among cheats there were no princes. At this they fell upon him; he was stabbed while sitting, and as death followed, he was buried secretly in the garden. If, from those ultra mundane regions, the spirit of the player has been able to see what was passing here below, it ought to have been proud of the honors that have been rendered to its mortal covering, for there was raised to him a tomb, of the pyramid of which we see to-day but a fragment. From the writing in ancient characters on this tomb, we gather that it is an Egyptian pyramid; that its interior decorations are eight granite columns, buried in a row, with tops ornamented by Egyptian heads, sustaining a tablet of white marble, of granite, and of bronze. A rose work of bronze decorates the vault. Opposite the door opens a niche containing a green antique marble vasque, where is found seated on its talons, a woman of the most beautiful black marble, the head dress of whom, is a fillet of silver strings. In the angles are four niches, and in each censers of bronze. The entrance is closed by iron work, and the door has for ambages two Egyptian pillars supporting an antique green vase. Only a small number of confidants know

what poor devil reposes there.

As a set-off, and perhaps as a palliative to this event of the tomb, the prince, who had, it must be admitted, certain generous sides in his character, had placed opposite, at the extremity of the bridge, a mill, by which reposed the habitation of the miller. This little house forming a dairy, was decorated in marble within, and the outside of a rustic style. Mme. de Genlis, governess of the children of the Prince, had placed there a young girl, a pretty villager, named Rose, married since to a young man whom she loved. The Duc d'Orleans contributed by his generosity to perpetuate the happiness of this young couple, to whom he gave six thousand livres as a memorial.

Nothing remains of all this today, but the bridge, which it was necessary to cross to reach the little isle of rocks, where is still found the cascade. The temple, the kiosks, the statues, have suffered the law of destruction.

The celebrated author of the "Liaisons Dangereuses," Chaderlos de Laclos, born at Amiens in 1741, produced his first literary works in the little theatre of Mouceaux. He was afterwards appointed Secretary Supernumerary to the prince, and soon becoming his intimate confidant, it is supposed he exercised a great influence over the conduct of the man who habitually admitted him to his counsels. To the Chevalier Laclos is attributed the compiling of those letters from the Duc d' Orleans to the King, where is found the germ of the ideas of '93. Laclos was one of the principal editors of a Jacobin journal, entitled "Journal des Amis de la Constitution," and he, in concert with Brissot, made the petition which provoked the assemblage at the Champs de Mars, where was demanded that the King should be judged. Prejudiced by these services against the Duc d'Orleans, he was arrested and confined in the house of Picpus, but from the bottom of his prison, he still continued to write, and composed there, some fugitive poems, which are destitute neither of spirit nor grace. Liberated in the 9th Thermidor, and appointed Secretary General to the administration of the Hypotheques, he was soon familiar with his new duties, but shortly after abandoned them for a military career. He was sent into Italy as general of a brigade, which he occupied with distinction, until finally, the fatigues and emotions of his active spirit hastened the term of his existence, and he died at Tarene, the 5th of October, 1803, entirely imbued with the material skepticism of the 18th century. His Ex-Master, the Duc d'Orleans, evinced the same kind of stoicism, in face of a much more horrible death.

A much pleasanter souvenir of the beauties of Mouceaux, is the incident of the herb-gatherer, who crept in by stealth, seeking a certain plant which he had been told he would find there. Startled by meeting Mme. de Genlis, and her illustrious pupils, the botanist fled with downcast head, endeavoring to conceal his spoil. He had been recognized however, and the next

day was given the key of a little door, by which he could come at his pleasure, without fear of surprise. This timid personage was none other than Jean-Jacques, who, like a shooting star, lights his period with meteoric brilliancy, and leaves his writings behind like a luminous trace.

The rock with its cascade produces an agreeable diversion among the artificial beauties of the harmonious horticulture scattered through the park. Placed at the center, not far from the spot where the principal alleys cross each other, it breaks with good effect the otherwise plane surface of the ground, and gives, exactly what is required, a glimpse of wild Nature, amidst the splendid vegetation with which it is surrounded. The rock itself is a work of art, but art so well concealed as to bear the semblance of Nature herself, as though in one of those mighty throes, to which the Earth in ages past, still unfinished, was subject, the volcanic fires had found an outlet here, and upheaving this memorial of their power, left it as a testimony of that terrible destructive force which the globe conceals within its bowels, and which one day or another may rend it asunder, and hurl the fragments into space, perhaps to the destruction of other worlds, and other systems. From its summit a mountain cascade leaps forth from an overhanging rock, and bounding in sparkles, and spray, from stone to stone as they project themselves unevenly in its course, falls into the little river below, and is borne along across the Parc, under the bridge, and finally into the Naumachie, a large oblong space, in whose centre is a little islet, where three large trees have sprung up at one end, while the other is covered with rushes and marsh grass. Under the rock is a sinuous grotto, from whose roof hang in pendants at various lengths, innumerable stalactites, seeming the work of centuries, as the water has filtered through the intervening stone, and produced this natural effect, like some subterranean cavern of the Alps or the Pyrenees. These stalactites have been brought here, one by one, but with so much ability and taste have they been placed, so perfect is the effect, that the hand of the constructer has left no trace of its presence.

Take it all in all, it is one of the most delightful little garden-parks imaginable, though by "little" must not be supposed a space less than ten acres in extent. To while away a morning hour under its waving, cool shades, within sound of the cascade's clatter, surrounded by blushing roses, and blooming exotics, the air filled with bird-song, no other place is half so pleasant. It is a little paradise, but like all things Parisian, it cannot be described; one must see them to know them.—As the Parisians say, "*Voir Paris, et mourir.*"

ORCHARDS.

ORCHARDING, as Evelyn quaintly terms it, consists in the care and culture of fruit-bearing trees. There are some reasons for supposing that this care and culture of fruit-bearing trees is man's natural occupation, just as a bee's natural occupation is honey-making or a silk-worm's natural occupation is silk-making. If we are, as Cuvier, the greatest of modern naturalists, believed, frugivorous animals, like the monkeys, then a man without an orchard is like a silk-worm without his mulberry leaf, or a nautilus without his shell. We do not presume to decide whether Cuvier was right or wrong, but his scientific conclusions certainly placed him on the poetical and artistic side of the question. Poets, from the days of the Greek Empedocles down to the days of the English Shelley, have loved to sing the praises of trees and tree fruits; and painters, like Claude and Salvator Rosa, literally revelled in their beauty. The tree is, in the vegetable kingdom, what man himself is in the animal kingdom, God's crowning and finishing work, and this is one reason for supposing that the former was designed for the special use of the latter—and for him only. Grasses and green herbs are placed within reach of the brutes, which they gather with their soulless faces turned earthward; but the tree of the field, which Holy Writ declares to be man's life, holds its fruit securely above their reach, and man gathers in his peculiar and luscious treasures with his face turned heavenward. Everything else we eat is shared by the animals of the brute creation—our fondness for flesh food is shared by the wolf, the dog, the cat, the lion and the tiger—all of our garden vegetables are placed, by nature, within reach of the browsing sheep and grazing ox, but a peach or apple tree may stand unprotected on the common, safe from the attacks of either.

Another proof that fruit was designed for man's special use is that it is the only created thing which we relish in its natural state. The herbs, which stock our vegetable gardens, and the flesh which comes from the butcher's shambles must go through laborious processes to make them fit for food. But with fruit, nature, in giving the finishing touches for our use, invests it with every charm to gratify our senses. When ready for our use, it assumes the most beautiful colors, blue, crimson, gold and purple, and rivets the eye of every passer-by. These colors are such as are seen at the greatest distance, and the rosy apple, crimson peach, purple grape and golden orange, while they nestle amid the green leaves which protect them from the sun, attract our attention from afar, and the love of the beautiful in our hearts responds to the appeal, and as we involuntarily draw near, a new charm meets the senses in the fragrance,

which is another provision of nature appealing to our natural instincts. Then the fruit is just the size most convenient for us to handle, and its whole composition is exactly suited to our needs. Our winter fruit,—nuts, are provided with the oil necessary to generate animal heat, and the albumen which plays so important a part in furnishing muscular strength. The very prevalent idea that nuts are unwholesome, is true with regard to invalids—the most wholesome food acts injuriously upon a diseased stomach, but are exactly suited to the demands of a healthy human organization. Nuts, unlike summer fruits, are of a brown, inconspicuous color—because, we suppose, not designed for immediate consumption, but to be stored away for winter's needs.—They are provided with a covering which preserves them pure and fresh, for an indefinite length of time, and are just the most convenient size for handling, storing and eating.

While we do not carry our ideas on this subject so far as to eschew all animal food, like Shelley, but partake thankfully of our beefsteaks and mutton chops; still we must admit there are, in this connection, some striking facts. The human race we believe to have existed for six thousand years, and for one-third of this long period, animal food was not permitted by God, for it was only after the flood that permission to partake of it was given.

The great difference between the anti-diluvians and post-diluvians consists in length of life. The shortest life recorded before the Flood, was that of Lamech, who lived seven hundred and seventy-seven years. There had been no decrease of longevity up to Noah's day, for Noah himself lived nine hundred and fifty years, twenty years longer than Adam did, and only nineteen less than Methuselah lived. But immediately after the flood, and immediately after the *grant of animal food was given*, the decrease in the duration of human life commences. Shem's life was shorter than his father's by three hundred and fifty years. Yet Shem's life was longer than that of his own son, Arphaxad, by one hundred and sixty-five years. And so the diminution gradually went on until in Abraham's day, a hundred and seventy-five years was esteemed great length of life.

Another striking fact with regard to animal food is, that four thousand years of habitual use has not taught us to cease to shudder at the blood-stained flesh which constitutes our daily repasts. It must be disguised by cookery, both in appearance and taste—browned by fire—salted, peppered, spiced: without which, it is uneatable. Casper Hauser, when first released from his life-long imprisonment, was nauseated by the sight, taste, and smell of flesh food, and when, after long persistence, he grew accustomed to its use, he declined in health until his short and sad career was closed by death.

The relative positions which the vegetable productions of the world hold to each other seems suggest-

ive. The esculent and other roots are placed under the earth—the grasses and green herbs are spread upon or near the surface of the earth, and the tree fruits are suspended above the earth.—The hog, peccary, &c., are furnished, by nature, with the means of reaching the first class of esculents—cattle of the herbivorous classes are furnished with the means of appropriating the second kind, and man and the monkey, his soulless brother, were created so as to subsist upon the third kind of food.

The highest order of monkeys, the gorillas, approach men very nearly in their anatomical structure,—but the one being endowed with mind and soul, is required to provide his own food by planting, "dressing and keeping" his Eden trees, while the other, being a brute, subsists upon the spontaneous productions of the earth.

Fruits and nuts are just of that degree of tender firmness in texture, which, in mastication, exercises the salivary glands and produces the amount of secretion necessary for digestion; while our flesh, herb and root dishes, are reduced by cookery to a soft (but not always a tender) moistness, which does not demand a full exercise of these glands; and the consequence is, imperfect digestion and tartareous incrustations upon the teeth.

In Germany the term for orchard is *baumgarten*, tree garden, and was it not Goëthe, the dear, grand old German, who, in eulogising some one, said, "*he understands trees?*" Eden itself was a tree-garden and Adam a tree-gardener. Trees, besides supplying us with food, protect us from the heat of the summer's sun, and the keen blasts of the winter's wind, and gratify, at the same time, our love of the beautiful.—We have only to fill our tree-gardens with trees bearing *both* the Eden characteristics, goodness for food and pleasantness to the sight, and arrange them in the natural landscape-garden style to make another Eden worthy to be the care of unfallen man. The most beautiful trees are the most valuable for food, as for instance, in our latitude, the Persian walnut, the black walnut, (the only tree mentioned by name in Poe's description of Arnheim, which is one of the most gorgeous dreams of beauty that ever filled a poet's head and heart), the chestnut, the pecan, the shellbark, the sweet acorned oaks of the south of Europe, mulberries of various kinds, the Swiss and Italian stone pines, with their sweet edible nuts, the strangely beautiful Salisburia, and the magnificent Araucarias. The tropics furnish ten to each one of ours, but still we have enough for all the purposes of the orchardist as well as the landscape gardener. Our usual orchard fruits, the apple, pear, plum and cherry, possess many beauties, and could be made entirely beautiful by proper cultivation, their ofttimes twisted and knarled trunks being the result of neglect and abuse.

THE APPLE being the most common and widely distributed of orchard fruits heads the list.—It is peculiar to the temperate

zone, flourishing as far north as 60 deg., and ceasing as far south as the confines of the tropics. All the multitudinous varieties which we cultivate are supposed to have been developed by patient horticultural skill, from the common crab apple, which is a well known small thorny tree, bearing acid, worthless fruit. Scientific facts indicate that the apple and all its congeners appeared on the earth just before the creation of man, and as Hugh Macmillan believes that no thorns existed before the curse, "thorns also and thistles shall the earth bring forth to thee," the crab must have degenerated from the apple of Eden. Macmillan says that thorns are merely abortive efforts of nature to produce branches, and as nature made no abortive efforts before the curse, there were no thorns. The persevering efforts of man, in the sweat of his brow, has restored the apple, if not to its original excellence, at least to that degree of vigor that the thorns have disappeared, and the fruit is of inestimable value. The apple compares most favorably with more popular esculents in value as a nutritious article of food. It contains 17 per cent. of nutriment while the beet contains but 15 per cent., turnips but 4½, carrots but 10, and cabbage but 7½. Yet more labor is bestowed upon each of these crops than upon the apple. As to the amount yielded per acre it also takes a high stand. We have an instance of a single tree in Niagara Co., New York, producing twenty-six barrels of fruit.

Profit of Apple Growing.—"H. T. Brooks, Esq., at the New York State Fair, during one of the evenings' discussion, gave, among other evidence of the profits of apple growing, the following:

"A tree in Middlebury gave 11 barrels: four trees in LeRoy, 13 barrels each. Patrick McEntee, of Perry, took 14 barrels of Baldwin's from one tree, and sold them to A. W. Wheelock for $60. Mr. True, of Castile, took 15 barrels of Gilliflowers from a single tree. Enos Wright, of Middlebury, sold the product of two trees for $100. Two years ago Mr. Hammond, supervisor of Middlebury, sold the product of 33 trees of Northern Spys for $900. C. Cronkhite sold the apples on less than four acres for $1,500. He said that Edmund Morris, the admirable author of 'Ten Acres Enough,' who, by-the-by, with the usual consistency of preaching farmers, had added 13 acres to his 'Ten,' had told us of 20 apple-trees that paid their owner $225 one year. Here, said Major Brooks, is a story to match: Robert McDowel, of York, Livingston County, has 22 trees, grafted nineteen years ago to Dutch Pippins, Greenings, Russets, etc., standing 35 to 40 feet apart—his soil sandy loam, annually ploughed and cropped, being also heavily manured every year, and protected by woods on three sides. He sold from these trees, after reserving his culls, in 1865, 163 barrels of apples for $779.50.

"Prescott Smead, of Bethany, Genesee County, from six acres, on clay and strong clay loam, sold as follows:

1862	750	barrels..	$2,370
1863	590	" ...	1,700
1864	600	" ...	2,100
1865	810	" ...	4,500
1866	150	" ...	863
1867. (*estimated*)	600	" ...	3,000

"Add to the above, copied from

his income report (and reports of this kind are not apt to be overstated,) apples used in the family, and we have 100 barrels to the acre, and 2½ barrels to the tree *annually*, for the whole six years, paying $400 per acre every year for the whole term."

[*Horticulturist.*

If good winter varieties are procured, of Southern origin, they will keep through the winter months with far more ease than our usual vegetable winter stores, potatoes, beets, &c.,—and the only reason we can assign for the culture of the latter receiving more care and attention, is that they yield an immediate return, while the apple trees will require six or eight years to come into bearing. To be sure when the apples do come, they will yield for the rest of one's life-time without further trouble, and may be left a heritage to one's children, but—"it is too much trouble"—"we haven't the time"—"it won't pay!" are the foolish, and almost wicked, reasons assigned by some really industrious men, for neglecting these Eden trees. There are many hundreds of varieties of the apple, of which we can only notice a few, best suited to the South.

Of the summer varieties, there is the Red Astrachan, worthy of its Eden origin; beautiful to the eye, fragrant as the odors of Araby the blest, and luscious to the taste. Then the Julian, not inferior, but later. The Early Red Margaret is not so beautiful, but of high flavor. And the Indian beauty, Nantahalee, who may plume herself on having won the heart of Dr. Ticknor, who sings her praises in the following humorous and happy style:

"You've heard, I think, of the beautiful maid,
Who fled from Love's caresses,
Till her beautiful toes were turned to roots,
And both her shoulders to beautiful shoots,
And her beautiful cheeks to beautiful fruits,
And to blossoming spray, her tresses!
"I've *seen* her, man! she's a'living yet
Up in a Cherokee valley!
She's an apple-tree! and her name might be
In the softy musical Chewkee,
A long drawn—"Nantahalee!"
'Tis as sweet a word as you'll read or write;
Not *quite* as fair as the *thing*, yet quite
Sufficient to start an old Anchorite
Out of his ashes to bless and *bite*
The Beautiful 'Nantahalee!'"

Of the autumn varieties there are the Buncombe, (or Meigs) the Carolina Greening, the Disharoon, the Hamilton, the Taunton, Tuscaloosa Seedling, and Yopp's Favorite—all treasures, and each

worthy of pages of praise, instead of a mere mention.

But it is the winter apples in which the most interest should be felt—winter being the season of scarcity; while in summer, so many other delicious fruits crowd themselves upon our notice that the apple is less cared for.

The kinds most popular in our Southern nurseries are, first, the Equinetelee, the finest of early winter apples, a large, luscious and high flavored fruit, and a vigorous and handsome tree of the pyramidal form.

The Holly is deliciously aromatic and sugary—yellow, with a crimson cheek, and the tree is of free and healthy growth.

The Mangum (or Carter) is a very distinguished and well known noble of the apple family, whose red, striped coat, and high flavored, tender and juicy character, are always welcomed warmly at the planter's dinner table.

Kittageskee and Cullasaga, Nickajack and Junaluskee are all distinguished countrymen of the beautiful Nantahalee, although, unfortunately, they never see her, for she comes with the roses of summer, and they with the holly berries of Christmas. Some tasteless Goth has given the most valuable of our winter apples the shocking name of Shockley. But it has acquired a princely reputation under this ugly name, and so let it remain to the end of time, the good and beautiful Shockley. Its flavor and size may not be *quite* equal to some others, but it is worth its weight in gold for its conservative principles—it was created a winter apple, and a sound winter apple it is going to remain, in spite of the disorganizing elements in apple society.—Let the persecutions of the radical frost be never so severe, and the warm dissolving breath of spring be never so seductive, it is going to maintain its ground, like a faithful sentinel, a sound conservative apple, until the Red Astrachan and Early Harvest come to relieve guard, and its duty is done. Let us plant them by the thousand in the desolate fields of the South.

THE PEAR will flourish in the same latitude as the apple, and the winter varieties are almost as easily kept. Trees have been known to produce twenty-five hundred pounds of fruit annually, and as forty-eight trees will stand on an acre (at the usual distance of thirty feet apart) this would be a yield of sixty tons per acre, a yield double that of the thirty tons of turnips of the English farmer. And then we must recollect the great annual labor and expense which the thirty tons of turnips costs the English farmer, and the little labor and expense which the sixty tons of pears costs the American orchardist. And also the fact that the pear contains 16 per cent. of nutriment, very little less than the apple, while the turnip contains but 4½ per cent. The varieties are very great, but the most popular at the South are as follows:

SUMMER VARIETIES.

"Beurre Giffard-Medium, showy appearance, and the best and largest of early pears. June.

Bartlett—Too well known to need any description.

Madeleine—Medium, melting, sweet, one of the earliest.

Ott's Seedling—Medium, melting and fine flavored, good grower. August.

Tyson—Above medium, juicy, sweet, fine flavored. August.

AUTUMN VARIETIES.

Andrews—medium, fair, melting and sweet, very productive.—September.

Beurre Bosc—Large, long, vinous, fine grower. September.

Beurre Diel—Large, or very large, rich, buttery, rapid grower. September to October.

Beurre Clairgeau—Very large, nearly melting, high flavor, one of the very best. Sept. to Oct.

Beurre Golden of Bilboa—Large, buttery and melting, high flavored. August to September.

Belle Lucrative—Large, melting, delicious, a fair grower, first quality.

Doyenne White, or *Virgalieu*—Medium, very good, a good grower and productive.

Marie Louise—Large, melting, first quality. September.

Seckle—Small, but excellent, well known as one of the finest of Fall Pears. September.

Sheldon—Large, round, melting, rich and delicious, handsome tree. September.

Urbaniste—Large, melting, buttery, good grower. September and October.

Beurre Easter—Large, roundish oval, melting, good, keeps very late.

Columbia—Large, melting, good grower and productive. Dec.

Doyenne D'Alencon—Large, oval, rich and melting, tree vigorous, and a late keeper.

Josephine de Malines—The very best of Winter Pears, rich, juicy, melting and good flavor, very productive, late keeper, poor grower.

Lawrence—Fine, melting, large, tree fair grower.

Winter Nelis—Medium, melting and buttery, rich flavor, tree a poor grower. October to December."

THE PEACH is next upon the list, and the beauty and exquisite flavor and size which it has attained under the hands of skillful and scientific horticulturists, induces the belief that we are indeed approaching the promised time when there will be 'no more curse,' and our fruits will be restored to the pristine beauty and goodness of Eden.

All over the South it grows like a bramble wherever a peach stone happens to fall. But these wildlings are not "goot for much," as Professor Herder said of whortleberries—they only prove, by the ease with which they grow, and the tenacity with which they cling to life, how admirably adapted the peach is to our soil and climate. Hear Dr. Ticknor again, how his wit sparkles around

THE OLD PEACH TREE—WITH A MORAL.

"That old unsightly Tree!
What moral might it teach,
When it lately tendered me
A melancholy Peach?

Its roots in rifted clay!
  Its trunk to worm and sun!
Blown down and washed away
  Yet strangely living on!

The very utmost crest
  Of that unshadowed hill,
And not, from east to west,
  A rival pinnacle!

Beside a cabin, all
  As mouldered as itself,
With weeds upon the wall,
  And a "May-Pop" on the shelf.

Of man, or beast, the sole
  Successful speculation!
The harvest of a whole
  Plantation's desolation!

What moral might it teach,
  That old unsightly Tree,
As it tendered me a peach,
  Acidulous, tho' free.

'Twas thus the Peach-Tree said—
  'Oh! stranger! tell me why,
If this old Peach ain't *dead*,
  A Peach should *ever* die!'
But I only shook my head,
  And inly answered—'Why!'"

The varieties are not so numerous as those of the apple and pear, but still more than could be crowded into any one orchard.—We have not space to enumerate even the best, but will pick out a few of the first water, the Koh-i-noors.

Hale's Early Red is ripe by the first of June, and is beautiful and delicious. Its blossoms withstand the effects of frost better than any other variety.

The Early Tillotson comes next in order, and then that splendid variety, the Honey. This is a large, oblong fruit, coming to a sharp curved point, color, yellowish white, mottled with crimson, flesh juicy, tender, of a peculiarly delicious, honeyed sweetness.—The stone has the same curious curved point as the fruit. It was originated by Mr. Lyon, of Columbia, S. C. Ripens the latter part of June and first half of July.

Grosse Mignonne–We wonder if Eve ever pressed her pearly teeth into a more delicious fruit than the Grosse Mignonne? Description unnecessary—it is found in all the Southern nurseries. Ripens early in July.

Amelia—Large and delicious.

Columbia—Very large, rich and luscious.

Green Catharine,—A beautiful and very productive peach of first quality.

The following are all splendid: Osceola, Chinese Cling, Duff's Yellow, Eaton's Golden, Flewellen, Indian Cling, Baldwin's Late, Mitchell's Mammoth, Nix's Late, Pineapple, White Globe and Heath.

THE PLUM succeeds well in the border States. In addition to its value as a summer fruit, many varieties are suitable for drying into prunes, and make a valuable and wholesome addition to the winter stores of the Southern housekeeper. The Plum is a very nutritious fruit, containing 29 per cent. of nutriment, while beef only contains 26 per cent.—pork 24 and veal 25. They commence ripening in July, and continue until September. The best varieties for this latitude are considered to be the Blue Imperatrice, Bradshaw, Columbia, Duane's Purple, German Prune, Green Gage, Yellow Gage, Imperial Gage, Laurence's Favorite, Wilde's Italian Gage, Morocco, Washington, Smith's Orleans, and Prince's Golden Gage.

CHERRIES are one of our earliest and finest fruits; they contain 25 per cent. of nutriment. Some of the best are Knight's Early Black, Black Tartarian, May Duke, Osceola, Coe's Transparent, and Early Purple Guigne.

THE APRICOT is also very valuable for its earliness, and is a wholesome fruit, even for invalids, and very nutritious, containing 26 per cent. of nutriment. The varieties celebrated here, are Breda, Moorpark, Orange, Early Golden, Schuyler's Large, Roman and Turkey.

THE FIG grows finely in the Gulf States, forming a small tree, very suitable for orchard culture. It is an exquisite fruit, both in a fresh and preserved state. The Malta, Brunswick, Pregussata, Black St. Michael, Marseilles, the White Ischia, Green Ischia and Nerii, are a few of the many varieties.

THE MULBERRY has received very little attention in this country, our ideas of its character being derived from the wild, sour fruit found in our forests. Downing's Everbearing is a very elegant tree, which deserves cultivation merely for its beauty. It originated in 1845 with Mr. Charles Downing, of Newburgh, N. Y. The fruit is of a purplish black color, and of a delightful, rich, sub-acid taste. Comes into bearing the third or fourth year, and the fruit increases in size as the tree acquires age. The black or Persian Mulberry (*Morus nigra*) has long been a favorite in England, and is one of the most healthy, and delicious fruits of its season. Although this tree matures early, it attains a great age. There is one in England, at Lyon House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, which is three hundred years old, and is supposed to have been planted by the botanist, Turner, in the 16th century.

OUR LIFE IN BOOKS.

NO. I.

Early Years.

THE markets exhibit so much to invite perusal, and the purses of our people contain so little to command luxuries of that description, that the question as to the influences in books to which we shall choose to subject ourselves, an interesting and important one at all times, becomes doubly interesting at the present time.

There does seem to be some truth in that beautiful theory, that there is an analogy between the different ages of the world, and the different ages of human life. The infancy of man appears to correspond to the infancy of the world, in its perfect simplicity, its objectivity, its want of abstract ideas—and its deep wanderings in dream and reverie upon the very borders of the celestial realms in which, also, wander those beings above man, good spirits and bad, who wish to look frequently over the walls into the terrestrial abodes. In this infancy of the world, stand forever its Garden of Eden, its Garden of the Hesperides, its Golden Age, its Arcadia, its Paradise of Iram, and all the dreams of the Young Earth and of the young human soul. As the early chapters of the Bible are first and earliest in human knowledge concerning those early ages of the world, so the subjects of which they treat, are the very foundation crystals around the source of life upon which the young, in a healthy state will love to muse in deep earnest ponderings, and questionings, and efforts, to solve difficulties. And the mind of a child near the fountain of its thinking life, will as certainly run upon the ORIGINES in the classic mythology as upon the ORIGINES of Holy Writ itself. If it is an ingenuous and finely touched spirit, it may be deeply interested in the scenes of Eden, and in the night-wrestlings of Jacob with God, and with the transplanted life of Joseph in Egypt, and with the deep and gorgeous romance of Moses, and the wild riddling, and the growing hair of Samson. But it will be as deeply interested in the labors of Hercules; and in the meeting of Paris with the goddesses on Mount Ida, and all its consequences; and in the "tale of Troy Divine, and in the house of Tantalus, the line of Laius, and in the grand witchcraft of Medea.

And wishing to judge for no other man, and in this matter allowing no other man to judge for us, we declare that we willingly allow the roamings of the minds of our children, in that deep dreaming season of early years, when the cravings of their spirits demand such things, not only

into the deep, sacred and gorgeous romance of Holy writ, in which God is at the top of the trooping and glorious companies of ascending and descending celestials, but also freely to the Gardens of the Hesperides, where the golden apples grow; to the feast of the gods where one golden apple "to the fairest" was thrown in by the Goddess of Discord; to the vision from the Scæan gate of the fight around Troy; to all the glorious dreams of early Greece, and to all the iron grandeur of early Rome.

We also take the responsibility of permitting our children at this age, to read the FAIRY TALES; and have no idea their minds, by the high gift of God, haunted from day to day—(if black and panic TERROR be not wickedly thrown in by silly nurses)—by scenery and visions from "Beauty and the Beast," and from "Cinderella," will be half as much fitted for "treason, stratagem and spoil" as will be minds more puritanically trained.

And here, as one of the poets of England bids us "hold the good, and define it well, lest divine philosophy should be procured to the Lords of Hell," we venture to define what we mean by *puritanical*. We do not mean *pure*. We object to no modes either of education, or of morals, or of religion on account of their purity. And should, therefore, in all probability, deeply dissent from the reasons for which the wits of the courts of Charles Second detested puritanism. Nor do we admit that any right theory of morals or of religion, is any the worse in fact for being *right;* or that that practice is a fair subject for appeals to prejudice through the powerful odium of traditionary hard words, which is STRICT, in the sense of hearty, and faithful conformity, inward and outward, to strict right principles.

But we use the word puritanic in its historical, and not in its etymological meaning, to signify a scheme whose main-spring is *envy:* which hates human happiness through *envy:* which persecutes because it hates human happiness, which hates human happiness because it is itself unhappy, righteously, justly, necessarily, unhappy because God is just; which has no law but prejudice, and the power of the demagogue, which lives for and seeks, and believes in, no other courts of appeal, save and except new efforts to overwhelm the whole Temple of Truth in ruins, to prevent men from clearly seeing the ruined pillars and the crumbling arches of that temple which it has made. There is no doubt that the oracles of our Holy religion do contain precepts which command us to *deny ourselves*, to mortify our members which are upon the earth, and to bear a daily cross along the footprints wherein the holy feet of the Son of God have gone. And every just mind will see and admit the propriety of giving to those precepts their just full, fair, proper weight in any, and every theory of manners, morals, or religion. But we do not understand those precepts to be based in the *hatred* of human nature, but in the *love* of it. We understand that their foundation

is laid in the fact, well known to the divine mind, that, by them, man may come to the highest, purest, most genuine and intrinsic happiness of which his nature is capable. They are simply the inculcated amputations of the soul, to deliver it from a far more deadly mortification—the gangrene of the Spirit itself. But the puritan view, fastens upon self-denial, and self-mortification, as *ends* and not *means*. It loves them for their own sake, especially when inflicted on others. The Book of Sabbath Sports in the days of Charles I., of England, was terribly detestable to puritanism for two reasons: one was that being *wrong in itself*, and a violation of the Law of God, there was a good ground for agitation against it; the other was that the green stomach could not well have borne to witness the happiness of the people dancing around the May pole, on *any* day of the week;—and much less on a day when the objection to it could be made good to honest Christian conscience. And we firmly believe that genuine puritanism—without the piety—existed just as much under the vermin-infested hair-shirts of Becket and Dunstan, as upon the sonorous noses and psalm-singing lips of Cromwell and his iron-sides;—and more in the wild heresies and virtual atheisms of Channing, Emerson, Park, Parker, and their followers, than in either.

We do not allege that these men and parties carried their sournesses into education, where we are now looking upon it. But they show what the thing is, in its developments.

The point involved in the question whether Fairy Tales are to be granted as food for the spirits of Christian children, is, whether the paths of correct and pure Christian morals are more apt to be trodden bravely and cheerfully by those to whom it is permitted to strew the margin of that way with flowers; than by those to whom, in order to beget low, silent pulses of the spirit, the way is kept forever apparent, and the eye bound to an incessant gaze upon it, in its most forbidding and unadorned appearance, with the careful exclusion of all influences to give hope and cheerfulness to the heart and vigor to the muscles of the moving feet, and also with the exclusion of the power of the sweeter and better, than siren call from before us, in the path of WISDOM and PRUDENCE walking arm in arm, saying "these are ways of pleasantness and peace." If there were not in religion any such precepts as self-denial and mortification of earthly lusts, upon which such things may be erected with a powerful plausibility, there would not be, and would not have been, half the danger that there has been and is, in asceticism, monasticism, and puritanism. But those things have been permitted to spring up on one side of the chariot of Redemption as it has moved over the world; while Lasciviousness, Revelry and Sensuality have held the opposite borders; that in them we might recognize the dangers of either coast, and see where runs, with angels hovering over it, the true road to heaven.

MABEL.

BY CLARA V. DARGAN.

"We are almost there now, m'am: You can see the end of the house between the trees."

I leaned forward, and looked out of the carriage window. Twilight was closing in, but through the dusk I caught a glimpse of white walls; and in a few moments we had passed the gates, and were rolling rapidly up the broad, gravelled sweep. It was a lovely May evening, and the air was laden with the perfume of flowers which grew in rich luxuriance around: but over all came floating the breath of heliotrope—Mabel's old favorite—and I saw, as the carriage drew up before the door, that it grew everywhere.—In plots either side of the steps—in marble urns upon the long, low piazza;—everywhere lingered that intangible, haunting fragrance. A sigh which was a half sob escaped me: I knew Mabel was not changed.

There she stood. How we met I scarcely knew—but neither of us spoke. Such long, sad years had separated us, that we were too full for words: I only felt her velvet cheek pressed to mine, and her faithful arms around me.—Presently she put me off a little and looked in my face.

"It is Dora," she said, "my Theodora—'the gift of God.'"

The familiar voice, so singularly sweet and plaintive—the utterance so low and clear—opened the sealed fountain. I clasped her closer in my arms and wept.

"Don't Dora! It is all over now. We will be happy together, and try to feel that the past is in the eternal past."

"*You* are not unfaithful, Mabel," I said, looking up at her.

"No, dear," she answered quietly, but a shadow crossed her face: "It is God's will that we should suffer. The sin lies in bemoaning broken idols."

The words fell upon my heart like a sudden conviction. Mabel saw it, and said no more; but she drew me gently down the long piazza, and opened a door at the farther end.

"This is your room, Dora, and I have chosen it for you because it is at once the pleasantest and most retired. But mine is next to it," she added, "or rather my sanctum; so you will not be lonely."

It was an exquisite little apartment. All the appointments were such as Mabel only could have chosen. The delicately-tinted walls, the gossamer lace that draped the couch—even the rose-colored lamp, which threw its mellowed light over all, bespoke that rare refinement and delicacy of taste which was an essential

attribute of her character. She had not always possessed the means of gratifying it; and I knew so little of her present circumstances, that I looked around with an interest I could not disguise.

Mabel smiled. "Yes," she said, answering my thoughts, "I have all I desire—" and then, after a moment's pause, repeated, "*all* I desire."

"And your husband—"

"Is a noble and estimable man. I am indeed blessed in his affection."

The tone satisfied me, but the words did not.

We passed the evening together alone. I did not see Mabel's husband. He was off, she said, at a lower plantation, and would not return till the morrow. So we had ample time for reviewing the years which had elapsed since we parted. Only one subject was tacitly avoided; there are some wounds which will not bear re-opening, and I thought Mabel shrank from this. Once or twice some chance expression seemed to approach it; but my own griefs were yet too familiar to me, not to feel intuitively she also had suffered.

I met Col. Hayne the next day at dinner. He was a tall, well-made man, rather portly, and extremely dignified, but quite gray, and evidently twice her age. I glanced involuntarily at Mabel standing there, in all her grace and delicacy, robed in white, with the purple heliotrope resting against her ivory throat—and a sudden shock of disappointment rushed over me. A vision rose before my eyes of a handsome, spirited face I had last seen bending over her's with such unutterable tenderness. Had she forgotten it? Alas! I had learnt so many sad lessons of human falsehood that I had come to believe in nothing. Mabel was my only faith now: was she too like the rest? I could not answer.

It was about twilight when, coming into the drawing-room, I caught a glimpse of Mabel's white dress as she sat at the piano, with her head bent upon the rosewood paneling. She did not perceive me, and shortly after she raised her face and began playing. The rich, soft, painfully sad air throbbed through the gloom, and her voice rose with it. I remembered it was *his* favorite. Well might she sing "*Infelice.*" The tones were thick with tears, and my heart ached as I listened. I stole out of the room, and wept in the silence of my own chamber.

The days went on, and wrapped in her matronly dignity, it was in vain I strove to read Mabel's heart. I recalled the summer so long ago which we had spent together in a mountain village, where strangers flocked in search of fine scenery and pure air.—There we had met one who seemed to us—a pair of enthusiastic maidens—the personation of our ideal. They were betrothed—and I was suddenly called away from my own wild day-dreams by circumstances of a peculiarly painful nature. Far away upon a foreign shore I had afterwards lived a few brief months of happiness such as few can comprehend—for my capacity for an all-absorbing affection, unselfish and

unstinted, was nature's most lavished gift. And yet it had proved the bane of my life. This passed—and yet I lingered among the scenes of my sorrow—alone, forgotten by all save this one true friend. At length I returned to my native land, and sought her: but in vain I searched for the lost clue to her history.

It was on Mabel's birth-night that I found it. As I entered the drawing-rooms, I saw her in the center of a group, under the chandelier—radiant in the pride of her peerless beauty: the exquisite features as still and passionless as if carved in marble—the eyes burning with an ever-changing opaline light, looking forward with that strange, yearning expression in which lay the subtle charm that had made Mabel Hayne the empress of a thousand hearts. She wore a robe of pearl-grey silk, embroidered with rose-buds, and a cluster of pink hyacinths in her soft, chestnut hair: but what were outward ornaments to her! She would have been regal in the simplest guise.

I watched her from afar. I heard the sound of her voice with its low, plaintive music;—I saw men gather around to listen to the unconscious eloquence which flowed from her lips;—I saw her move among her guests with that imperial grace which distinguished her every gesture: and I wondered if that calm face, so beautiful, yet to me so sad in its frozen loveliness—was the same I had seen five years before, flashing with every ennobling emotion—a face which made one comprehend those impressive words: "*He created man in His own image.*"

The guests departed and I sat alone in my room. A faint light streamed under the door which opened into Mabel's sanctum: I knew she was writing. I had heard her come in about a half-hour before—and I waited, hoping she would call me before she retired. But I waited in vain. After a while the light disappeared: I could bear it no longer—I rose and went in. All was dark, except where the moonlight streamed in at the open bay-window, and I saw Mabel was reclining on a couch within its recess.

"Is it you, Dora?"

I came and knelt down by her, while she passed her fingers caressingly over my hair.

"Brave, true soul! Do you believe me still, Theodora?"

"Mabel—Mabel. I *cannot* mistrust you—but what does it all mean?"

"I will tell you" she said—and there I heard the sequel to that sweet summer-idyl so long passed.

"September was closing when I left the mountains, to hasten home and prepare for my marriage. He, —— Gaston, came with me. When we reached F—, a lady, dressed in deep mourning with her veil closely drawn, entered the train, and took a seat near us. She, evidently, shrank from notice, but under cover of the dusk, steadily surveyed us; and then leaning her head against the window, seemed lost in thought. It was quite dark when we arrived, and Gaston left me in the waiting-

room at the depot to find the carriage. I was sitting there thinking of my great happiness—I remember it seemed for the moment more than I could bear—when I looked up and saw the lady I had observed in the cars, standing before me. She threw back her veil; I never saw a face so grand and imposing. Her voice was steady as if under the control of a powerful will. She made no preliminary remarks—no excuses—but simply asked—

"Are you engaged to *him?*" with a slight gesture towards the door.

Something impelled me to answer in the same spirit: I saw she was terribly in earnest.

"I am."

"May God help you! You have committed your fate to a perjured, heartless man."

I looked up at her helplessly—I felt bewildered.

"You are a beautiful young creature," she went on, with a falter in her voice. "It is a pity you should come to such a sad fate—but it is mine too—and I did not deserve it. God help us both!" She paused a moment, and then thrust a worn letter into my hand. "Take it!" she said: "I have kept it two years and learnt the cruel words by heart. Do you learn them now before it is too late. Innocent little darling!" she murmured, with infinite gentleness—"it is a hard and bitter lesson, but we must all learn it sometime."

She bent down and kissed me as she spoke, and walked away into the dim shadows outside.—I heard a carriage drive off, as I sat holding the letter tightly in my hand—the only tangible proof that all this was not a hideous dream. I read it that night when I was alone. It was *his* letter—*he* had written it—a cold, formal announcement that he had been mistaken in the nature of his feelings towards her, and begged to be released from the engagement which existed between them. He considered it, he said, only honorable that she should not be left in doubt with regard to his intentions. I read it again and again—I could not deny it was genuine. Little Dora, we all have our own griefs; but oh, what is so hard to bear, as to *prove* the treachery of those we love?"

"I need not tell you of that long, dreary night. I sat there as one bereft of reason. My idol, so rudely torn from its pedestal, fell at my feet shattered—its beauty, its truth, its purity forever lost. No eye but that All-seeing and pitiful ever looked upon anguish such as mine: we must bear it alone, and alone I have ever borne it. When the gray dawn broke—that solemn hour when nature comes face to face with Jehovah—I fell upon my knees and prayed for strength. It was granted me; I saw the path which duty had clearly opened.

"That evening he came. Dora, when I saw his face—that face which so many women had loved—I felt one keen pang. But it was soon over. That fatal letter was before me in letters of fire. I hushed every heart-throb, and told him of it. It struck home—oh, it struck home! He could not comprehend me at first. He did

not think I meant to give him up entirely; but when he did realize it—and he knew I was not a woman to waver—he reeled and almost fell. I thought I heard that weird voice saying: 'God help us both!' and in my heart the petition went up for him also—whose wickedness or weakness had caused so much misery. God forbid we should judge *which!*"

When he recovered, he tried to explain it. He called it a passing fancy, as men do—a fascination of the senses;—that he had admired her character and intellect, and imagined he loved her, till time and separation had proved its fallacy. But I could make only one answer—

"You deceived her."

And that was all, Dora. If any call me fickle, let them not dare to judge till they have read this page of my heart's history. I let him kiss me once more when we parted. It was the last—*last* time! I had loved him so dearly—and though my faith in him was utterly gone, I could not overcome in those few brief hours the affection I had lavished upon him for so many months. When he was gone, I thought life had lost all its brightness for me—and for four years, I lived in that memory alone. You know that little verse, the epitome of many a woman's story:—

"'Tis not the lover which is lost—
The love for which we grieve;—
It is the *price* which they have cost,
The memories which they leave."

Sometimes on a spring evening—such an evening as this, I sit and recall the beautiful romance which filled my life for six months: and after I have lived it all over, I turn to this book wherein I recorded my marriage vow to one who is truth and honor itself—whose slightest word is a sacred oath:—and when I close it, I say reverently:—

"Ah, what am I that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire;—
And crossed the lot myself had craved
To set me higher!"

She ceased, and there was a long silence. The moon shone full on her beautiful face, and I saw a tear glistening upon her cheek. Presently she rose, and saying—

"I have something here to show you," placed in my hand a small mother-of-pearl casket.

When I was alone, I opened it. There was a slip cut from a newspaper:

"*Killed at Fort Donelson, Feb. 13th, Capt. Gaston V. Moore, aged thirty-two. A brave soldier, a true patriot, an honorable gentleman.*"

It was enclosed in a small envelope, in which was a faded sprig of heliotrope; and on it inscribed:

"INFELICE."

"THE CEDARS,"
Union Point, Ga.

THE FUTURE OF YOUNG AFRICA!

"LABOR," says Degerando, "is the morality of the uneducated classes;" and in uttering this broad truth, the philosopher almost falls into a truism. Although with man, the great object of labor is the immediate and direct result—it is not so with God in his decree, "in the sweat of thy face thou shall eat bread." For labor is a training. The habit of labor implies a motive for exertion, the steady pursuit of a useful object, the acquisition of strength and skill productive of beneficial results, of a steadiness of mind and heart excluding frivolous and mischievous occupations. It is a defensive armor against the assaults of malignant and enervating passions. Labor is in a broad sense both morality and education.

When we inquire into the history of nations, we find that nothing more distinguishes one people from another than their relative aptitude for labor, and the direction they give to it. The amount of it is one of the best tests of civilization; and one hour added to, or substracted from the daily industry of the working part of a nation, will make the difference between a rapidly progressing prosperity, and a condition of national stagnation and decay.

Many circumstances will influence the industry of a people. Want is the mother of labor. Where nature does most to supply man's wants, he least feels the necessity of supplying them by his own exertions. Where nature does little beyond making a measured return to systematic toil, there man learns to do most for himself. The gratification of his wants by industry stimulates that industry, and new wants spur him on to new exertions—he acquires skill, knowledge, arts, accumulates wealth and multiplies his resources. Where no amount of toil can force nature to increase her scanty gifts doled out with a niggard hand, man, with all his energies can never raise himself above the condition of the fishing, or hunting, or at best, the pastoral tribes.

We can thus, in a great measure, account for the habits and occupations of the people in the easy living climates of the South of Europe, and similarly situated lands, where the climate discourages arduous labor, while the soil readily supplies urgent wants. This, too, explains to us the greater energy and industry of the less bountiful and more exacting regions and more bracing climates further North. Beyond that, and cut off from the possibility of forcing production from barren nature—by any amount of toil, the Laplander is solely occupied with the care of his herd of reindeer, his only possible wealth. We may see in regions still more desolate and hopeless, as Greenland, and the frozen Siberian coast, man's life divided between arduous and hazardous

enterprise in fishing and hunting, and absolute idleness and gluttony when success affords the means of excess. Although in this progress from South to North, we remark unmistakable differences of race among these people, we need not have recourse to that in accounting for the difference of their habits and pursuits.

Yet, it is evident that different races of men vary greatly in their propensity to industry, and in the skillful application of their labor. The fertile fields now yearly widening over this continent, teeming with productions for the maintenance of millions, were, for uncounted centuries, but the hunting grounds of a race, who had every opportunity of appropriating the untold wealth scarcely hidden in the soil. Yet, these people were capable of the occasional exertion of rare energies, and matchless endurance. We cannot but believe that the difference of race in the succeeding inhabitants of the country, has had much to do with the different conditions of this continent, in the 15th century, and now. Other lands and races afford corroborating testimony to this unequal propensity to labor among the races of men. We need but contrast the condition of New Holland with its handful of wretched Papuas—or New Zealand with its tribes of fierce and cannibal Malays, with their condition in the hands of the European colonists who have now crowded thither.

But the negro affords in this respect the most remarkable peculiarities. With a capacity for labor exceeded by few races, he has an indisposition to labor, rivalled by none. While in the only instance in which they have been known to thrive and multiply rapidly as a population—they were for generations subjected to a system of enforced labor, there has never yet been an instance of their spontaneously forming an industrious population. The Papua of New Guinea, and New Holland, an inferior variety of the negro, seems never to have got beyond the fishing and the hunting state. In the true negro regions of Africa wherever society has progressed beyond pastoral life the conqueror imposes the task on the vanquished, and the many are slaves to the few. It is possible that in the history of man's progress, all steady, systematic industry originated in enforced labor, exacted by the master from the slave. For in the earliest times known to us, and long after, we find slavery existing in every civilized country, and slaves most numerous in the most civilized. Thus Athens far exceeded Sparta in the number of her slaves. Perhaps it was thus that the tendency and aptitude to toil were first cultivated for generations in the race. But in the negro no such tendency has been developed, and the rare instances of systematic industry in the negro distinguish the individual among his people.

This aversion in the negro to systematic industry cannot be attributed to local causes. It has exhibited itself for tens of centuries in Africa, and kept the race almost on a dead level, raised but one step above the brutes. It re-

appeared in full vigor in the West Indies the moment that emancipation from slavery removed all external impulse to a life of toil. In both these instances we might attribute the negro's indolence to nature's bounty which there often gave food in return for the mere stretching forth the hand. But the previous emancipation of the negroes in the Northern States had been followed by the same results; idleness, improvidence, want and crime. On the emancipation of the slaves in the Cape Colony, at the southern extremity of Africa, slaves of two different races seem to have been set free; the indigenous African, and some Malays brought from the Southern peninsula and islands of Asia. These last have, in some measure, availed themselves of the boon of liberty, and seem actually to have improved their condition; while the negro sunk lower and lower into idleness, ignorance, and squalid want. The experiment now being so broadly tried in the South gives the strongest promise or rather confirmation of similar results.

The adult negroes of this generation have been trained to the systematic labor of civilized life, and they have been trained too to some of the wants of civilized man, their position, and association with a higher and more cultivated race have necessarily inculcated upon them some of the elementary principles and maxims, that control society and guide the conduct of responsible beings. And yet the moment the control of the master is withdrawn—as soon as the local and domestic government which was thus supplied is abolished—the negro population, without tumult, mob violence, or any of the symptoms which usually attend the sudden withdrawing from the populace of all habitual restraint—began gradually but rapidly to lose the habits, attachments, and ideas which lie at the foundation of civilized life. Doubtless their condition as slaves, while it in some respects counteracted, in others it encouraged their native want of forethought. Yet we think the former effect greater than the latter. Thus the bulk of negroes in the South, perhaps nine tenths, were employed in agricultural labor. Now to clear land, enclose and drain it, to plough, to harrow and sow, to till the crop through the summer, as is necessary with the summer growing crops of the South,—to harvest it in autumn; to undergo all this labor for a remote return, a provision for the wants of another year—is the especial exhibition of forethought, enterprise, and perseverance, that first stamped man as a provident being, capable of civilization. How did this example operate upon the negro? His lesson is ever half learned. We were long in the habit of watching the cultivation of a rice plantation, where after great labor had been expended during the winter in preparing the lands, a large gang of negroes would be employed from the end of March to the middle of May in sowing the crop. Numerous small but highly productive pieces and corners of land, outside of the fields, were allotted to the ne-

groes, one to each separately, as his own. But not a stroke of work would be done in them, until within a few days of the end of the sowing season, when the negroes, seized with a sudden fit of industry, would avail themselves, on finishing their regular tasks, of an hour or so of the sun's light, twilight and even moonlight, and in a few evenings dig, trench, and sow their own fields. A crop sowed so late need be hoed but once. Often have we asked one or other of the most intelligent of them, why they did not time their industry better. "If you began to sow your rice when I began, with three good hoeings you would make a full crop, and now you will make but half a crop." But Cuffee always gave us to understand that his arithmetic taught him that a half crop made by one hoeing was better than a full crop made by three.

This is characteristic of their aims, and their industry; the negro is easily content. Now content is a virtue when it teaches us to moderate unreasonable desires, and endure, without repining, unavoidable wants. But content is a vice when it leads to the indolent gathering of but half the good things placed by Providence within our reach; and when it leads to the slovenly performance of every duty, it becomes a crime.

On the emancipation of the negroes, multitudes, from having been satisfied with their lot, or from mere inertness, remained where freedom found them, engaging for wages and a maintenance to serve their late masters, or perhaps transferred their services to one of his neighbors. But while using, in a most wasteful manner, their own supplies and those of their employer, squandering their wages, and, if possible, running into debt, few had perseverance and industry enough to fulfill their engagements; and many, after having been maintained through the pinching time of winter, went off to avoid the more active and continuous labors of the spring; and lived like grasshoppers through the summer on what they could pick up. Those that staid seemed to lose all ability to do careful and thorough work. Thus, to recur to the rice plantations, no crop is more dependent on thorough drainage than this. Every field must be intersected by numerous ditches and drains, which must be kept clear of all obstruction. But as the rice does not grow in the ditches, no wages or inducement can make the negro undertake the labor of cleaning them out. All thorough tillage became equally impossible throughout the South; and farming enterprise, with free negro labor, has already ruined most of those who undertook it.

A large proportion, however, of the most active and enterprising negroes, when set free, at once rambled off in search of the living the world owed them. The negroes very generally, but very illogically, associated the idea of liberty and property as inseparable; and expected, now that they were free, to become, in some way, proprietors of houses and lands, and the means of cultivating the latter. Yet even the select few, whose character and in-

telligence procured them the occupation of farming lands, have generally shown the characteristics of the race; the smallest possible reach of foresight, an utter want of plan, slovenly tillage, neglect of all repairs, or a makeshift for present emergency. They hopefully aim at an easy and speedy way of attaining a remote end; and their half labor does not always produce the half crop which would content them. Yet these are the enterprising and provident among the race.

But the negro is a social being, and loves the town. On acquiring freedom, numbers crowded into the Southern cities, perhaps with no definite views. Being without means, they sought employments in which they might lead an easy life—content with small wages if the labor was proportionate to the pay. But nothing suits the negro so well as what may be called job-work.—His industry looks for prompt reward, and he will work very hard for some hours, or even some days, for the means of giving himself a prolonged holiday in which perfect idleness is the crowning enjoyment.

When compared with the white man, the most strongly marked trait of the negro, even beyond his constitutional indolence, and if not the cause of that indolence, yet inseparable from it, is his indisposition to look far ahead.—Had the poet, Young, known no race but the negro, he would have had little occasion to ask the question which he himself answers with so much point:

> "Is it that things terrestrial can't content?
> Deep in rich pastures will thy flocks complain?
> Not so, but to their master is denied
> To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease
> In this, not his own home, this foreign field
> Where nature fodders him with other food
> Than was ordained his cravings to suffice—
> Poor in abundance, famished at a feast,
> Sighs on for something more, when most enjoyed."

But the negro is easily content—"Deep in rich pastures" *he* will not complain. Although capable of deep emotions, they do not last long. Care is not natural to him. Thought does not worry him. Nothing worries him more than to compel him to think. The negro has not thought enough to keep him awake, and has a most peculiar constitution. In our own excursions on a river far South, on leaving our boat for an hour of two, we have on our return, constantly found our negro boatmen asleep in the sun, with the thermometer at 112 deg. or 115 deg. and the shade neglected near at hand. The neighboring terrapins basking on that half-sunken log do not more enjoy their nap.

We have been told that on the freeing of the negroes in the

British West Indies, while on most of the islands they fast sunk into indolence, on one of the Bahamas it was not so. The island was small, the lands in few hands, and all under culture.—The negroes, when freed, had no where to go, not a foot of ground to stand on. The labor question was reduced to a simple proposition: work, or starve. They chose work; and may be working to this day.

But this is not the condition of the South. The country is new, wide and thinly peopled—with, in many parts, a decreasing population; and in its best days not a tenth of the land was under culture of any kind. Although neither climate nor soil is prolific of spontaneous bounties, yet a very little labor will supply the bare necessaries of life to an individual; and the negro is disposed to be content with bare necessaries. This is not favorable to the cultivation of systematic industry. A few hours labor in the day, a day or so of work in the week, a week in the month, and the laborer may enjoy the *dolce far niente* the rest of his time. But while this provides for all the wants of the adult negro, it is not that provident industry which maintains the family; and it is there that provident races display their forethought—looking forward through life to generations beyond. Under the system of servitude a punctual and often liberal provision for the necessary wants of the negro household—precluded all uncertainty and irregularity as to the means of sustaining life. Young Africa was sure of having his stomach filled, his back covered, and a shelter over his head, and was moreover taught betimes to make himself useful, and the household throve and multiplied wonderfully under the system.

But young Africa will have now to rely on his progenitors for maintenance and training. We do not think they will do for him more than they are doing for themselves. The parent not only begets the child, but often stamps his destiny upon him.

Young Africa has the prospect of a very irregular and uncertain maintenance, and rather rough treatment from the parental hand; for, except to the new infant, the negro is no tender parent. He will get also, a very thorough training in the art of frittering away his time. He may indeed, chance to fall into other hands, for the negro is often ready to lighten the domestic burden, by putting his child out to service at an early age. The boon of freedom to the negroes has been attended by an evident loosening of all domestic ties. An increasing number show an indisposition to bind themselves to fixed occupations and settled homes. Many of them are content with the most moderate, temporary, and uncertain provision against want.

There is no surer indication of the physical and moral condition of a people, than the rate of infant mortality; and rapidly as young Africa comes into the world, he has of late betrayed a greater propensity to die than to be born.

The future of Young Africa

turns altogether on the question whether any political, moral, or intellectual training can imbue his constitution with a propensity to forethought, and an aptitude for continuous, systematic labor. We see no prospect of such a revolution in his nature, and very little prospect of the experiment being tried. All the indications of history are, that civilization does not create races, but that particular races have created civilization, or at least, receiving it from some unknown source, have greatly modified it to suit their peculiar temperament. Thus the civilization of the Chinese, the Hindo, the Egyptian, the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, the Sclavonian, the Teuton, and the Celt, each varies with some constitutional peculiarity of the race. We have good evidence also, that some races, as the Indian of North America, and Malay of the Pacific, cannot receive civilization, but die out before it. And we have overwhelming proofs running back to the beginning of history, that the negro, far from dying out, becomes the servant of civilization, receiving only its lowest forms. Such civilization as he can acquire is received and sustained only by intercourse and contact with higher races; and his civilization grows and wanes with the increase or dimunition of that intercourse. He is a black mirror that reflects in dusky hues, with some distortion, the face of that civilization presented to it, and as it is withdrawn the image fades away.

There is a very large part of the South, in which it would be a mistake to suppose that the presence of a white population tends to exclude the negro, or the presence of a negro population to exclude the whites. In all those regions unfavorable to white field labor, it was the care, control and providence of the whites that multiplied the number of the blacks, and it was the productiveness of negro labor, so directed and controlled, that afforded employment for the skilled and professional labors of white men; and thus rendered possible the existence of a large white population.

The increase of a laboring and productive negro population increased the number of the whites by furnishing suitable and profitable employment for them; and this increase added in turn to the demand for negro labor and to the skillful application of it. Under the system that gave the control of negro labor to the whites the progress and prosperity of each race was based on that of the other, and the country went on continually to provide for the support of a larger negro and white population, increasing together, either of which would many times exceed that which it could sustain of only one race.—It is only in the absence of this control of the whites over the blacks that there is a tendency to the expulsion of one or the other race.

Upon these characteristics as laborers depends the status of every race of men. The whole history and philosophy of negro labor may be summed up in an anecdote. An English naval of-

ficer, on some emergency, landed on a remote part of the coast of Jamaica, with dispatches for Kingston. By an obscure path, through a wilderness teeming with fertility, he found his way to a wretched cabin occupied by a family of negroes. While inquiring the way further, he observed the squalid poverty of the inmates, and said to an old woman, the most intelligent of the group: "My good woman, I am astonished at the poverty of your household, when I see the fertility of the soil around the house."

"True, sir, the land is rich, but you forget that we have no slaves."

If, when, like Ephraim, he is joined to his idols, he be let alone, young Africa, true to the instincts of his race, will emulate and in time attain the barbarism of the old land.

THE HAVERSACK.

R. J. G., of Union C. H., S. C., gives a model letter from a young lady, whose sweetheart was in the 5th S. C. regiment, to President Davis, asking for a furlough for her lover to come home and get married:

Dear Mr. President:—I want you to let Jeemes ——, of company ——, 5th S. C. regiment, come home and get married.—Jeemes is willin', I is willin', Jeemes' mammy, she is willin', my mammy, she is willin', but Jeemes' captain, he ain't willin'. Now when we're all willin' 'ceptin' Jeemes' captin', I think you might up and let Jeemes come.—I'll make him go right straight back, when he's done got married and fight jist as hard as ever.

Your Affectionate friend, &c.

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter, "let Jeemes go," and Jeemes came home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, and returned to his regiment and did "fight jist as hard as ever."

Louisville, Ky., gives a dodging incident of the war. A similar anecdote was told at Monterey, Mexico, of Maj. Martin Scott, and no one enjoyed the joke more than the stout-hearted old soldier himself.

I was a member of the —— Tennessee cavalry regiment, and can vouch for the truth of the following, which I send to The Haversack:

In February, 1865, while Gen. Hampton's command was opposing the advance of Sherman's army, through South Carolina, Major D ——, then commanding the regiment, was detached from the main force to guard a crossing on the Saluda River. Very soon after he had put the boys in position to defend the bridge, a heavy line of the enemy's infantry made its appearance along the op-

posite bank. After several minutes hard fighting, with small arms, the enemy brought up a battery of light artillery and directed a heavy fire upon the Major's command. While the shells were passing over and making a terrible noise as they clashed through the surrounding trees, he observed some of the more timid of his braves dodging and bowing as if to avoid the certain death to which they were so much exposed, and stepping to the front, a few paces, with sword uplifted, he shouted,

"What in the h—l are you dodging there for? Keep cool, I tell you, there's no use in it."

Just then a six-pounder passed close to the Major's head, and falling to the ground he crawled to a stump near by and finished his sentence, by exclaiming with great excitement,

"Unless—unless. I say, my good boys, unless they come like that one."

The Major and his command held the crossing until night-fall, when, owing to the movement of the Confederate forces they were compelled to withdraw.

"Long may they wave."

J. R. F.

The Major's experience in dodging must be of great service to him in this period of lowering the head and bowing the knee. But the loyal renegade can beat him a thousand to one at that game.

Richmond, Va., gives an incident of pretended modesty:

Modesty and Spy Glasses.—The soldiers, who were for any length of time, stationed on the James River, near —— Bluff, will remember quaint old Mr. Tugmuddle. He, with his numerous family of daughters, lived within a short distance of the river bank and very close to our camp—near where, in summer, the soldiers were wont to bathe. So near, indeed, that one day "Col. Cramp" received a visit from Mr. Tugmuddle in which T. took occasion to say:

"Sir, your soldiers strip and bathe, sir, right before the eyes of my daughters, who are modest young ladies, to whom the sight that they are daily made to witness is extremely offensive."

The Colonel, with gallantry, resolved and promised that the evil complained of should be remedied, and he stationed a guard, thereafter, on the bank to make the soldiers go further up the stream. But a few days elapsed when old "Tug" made the same complaint again.

That evening at dress parade orders, stricter than ever, were promulgated forbidding our boys to bathe nearer to old "Tug's" house than a certain point, about five hundred yards distant therefrom. Within a few days, however, old "Tug" came back with his old complaint.

"Why," said the colonel, "have my orders been disobeyed? surely your daughters can't see my men now—five hundred yards off!"

"Yes, sir, they *can!*

"What! *see men bathing over five hundred yards off?*"

"But, sir," said 'old Tug,' "*my gals have spy glasses!!!*"

W. D. C.

An old friend sends from Mobile, Ala., an incident of Hood's campaign:

During the first day's disastrous fight at Nashville, as Hood's troops were falling back, they passed a house from which a young lady rushed out, and seized one of the regimental colors, and exhorted the men to rally around her. The minnie balls and shells were flying so fast that the soldiers apparently thought that it was an inopportune time for devotion to the fair sex. She had many admirers, but very few attachés. Will some of our Nashville friends give the name of the heroine to The Land We Love?

T. C. C.

Could do Nothing for the Ladies.—When Hindman's division passed through Napoleon, Arkansas, in 1862, the men were ragged and dirty, even beyond the usual Confederate standard. The ladies saw in them, however, only their devotion to the South, and their effort to save us from the horrors of Abolition rule. They, therefore, received the ragamuffins with the utmost enthusiasm, bouquets were showered upon them, sweet smiles were lavished upon them, kind words greeted them everywhere. A hatless, shoeless reb passed along minus his pants below the knees. He seemed to be a special sufferer in the cause, and his appearance was hailed with an unusual demonstration of white pocket handkerchiefs. As he neared the groups of young ladies, who were waving their snowy handkerchiefs and their little rebel flags, they observed that he was red-headed, freckle-faced, horror of horrors! unmistakably and undeniably ugly to the last degree. Their ardor was damped, but they were too well-bred to show their disappointment, and the flags continued to wave, and the smiles still continued to be sweet. The reb halted in front of them, looked pityingly at them, and said in a melancholy tone,

"Ah! ladies, I can do nothing for you. I am not a marrying man, I have a wife at home!"

H. R. C.

The annexed anecdote comes from Fort's Station, Tenn., and we make but a single comment upon it, viz: "the horrors of Andersonville!"

Sometime in the fall of 1862, while the inmates of Northern prisons were suffering the fiercest pangs of hunger, a party of English travelers visited Camp Douglass. Before the party entered, we were ordered by the policemen, known by us as Uncle Billy, Old Red, and Prairie Bill, to clean our quarters and get ready for inspection. Everything was put in "apple pie order," and the Post Commander came in escorting his distinguished guests, who were profuse in their compliments of the well-swept walks, the thorough drainage, the clean quarters, &c., &c. Post Commander was quite a saint in their eyes, and his noble benevolence gave a still more atrocious character to the cruelty of Winder and Wirz. The visitors entered Barrack No. 5. They saw the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks of

the prisoners. They looked upon Post Commander; he no longer seemed a pitying Howard. Just then Barrack No. 5 raised the cry, "bread, bread, bread!" Post Commander lost his benevolent smiles, his demure aspect; Post Commander was in a rage.—"Truth hurts worse than fiction." Post Commander was hurt, so were we, for we soon saw an order stuck up, "No rations will be issued to Barrack No. 5 to-day. Any one known to sell or give rations to No. 5 will be treated to a ride on Morgan's mare!"

Who will give the history of Morgan's mare?

H. H. F.

Greensboro', Georgia, tells how an "o'er smart youth" was "done for."

There was a cadaverous soldier belonging to the hospital at this place, who often contrived to get a stout dram of real old apple or peach (none of your Commissary stuff) by feigning to be suddenly seized with the chills. He would stroll to some gentleman's door, shake all over violently and beg to get a warm drink, lest his chill should terminate fatally. He had such a sickly, unhealthy look, that no one suspected the trick. And so he went on from day to day, getting his hot toddies, and abundance of sympathy from kind-hearted ladies. He was about to become that most hopeless and incorrigible of all nuisances, "a hospital rat," when his pleasant style of living was broken in upon by an unexpected incident. He had taken his seat, on this occasion, on the door step of a very shrewd, or a very benevolent, old lady, I do not know which, and there began to shake as though every bone would come out of his body. The tender-hearted lady coming to the door seemed but to aggravate the violence of the attack; he stammered out,

"'Most-froze-to-death-can-you-give-me-some-liquor?"

The compassionate eyes of the old lady took in the situation, and her orders were given with military precision.

"You, Jim, here's a poor soger a shakin' with the ager, you tote him in that thar room and put him in the feather bed. Lizy Ann, you run and git some hot bricks for his feet, and you Betsy Jane, make him some real, strong red-pepper tea, hot as pisin."

The orders were literally obeyed. Poor Tom ——— was smothered in a feather-bed in June, roasted with hot bricks, and drenched with fiery, pepper tea. But the prescription was admirable, he had no more chills. All the unhealthy humors in his body were effectually sweated out of him. Would that a similar treatment could be applied to the old nullifiers, and negro-traders, who are running the loyal machine at the South. What an awful amount of virulent puss would have to be expelled, before the patient got better!

Our next is from New Providence, Tennessee:

I send you an anecdote, which I think has never been in print. It occurred at Fort Donelson.

When Schwartz began to shell the position occupied by the 42nd.

Tennessee regiment and 8th Kentucky regiment, Capt. F. of the 8th Kentucky, sent his servant, a negro boy about 16 or 17, to the ravine back of the line of battle, where he might find shelter. After the fighting had somewhat slackened, the captain went to see what had become of his boy. He found him seated behind a big tree and apparently enjoying the shelling very much. When the captain came to him, he said: "I 'clare, masser, de Yankee shell ain't wort a cuss, some on 'em buss when he hit de ground, and some on 'em so no 'count he buss right in de ar."

W. G. W.

Our next comes from Lexington, Kentucky.

During the winter of 1863-'64, while the Confederate army was encamped around Dalton, Ga., the Commissary Department was supplied with beef from South Western Georgia and Florida, and to save trouble, the beef was killed and sent forward by the cars. The Kentucky brigade was encamped about a mile from the depot, and, like the rest of the army, was sometimes on short rations. But skill and strategy sometimes enabled them to supply the deficiency. Col. Cofer of the 6th Kentucky, was Provost Marshal, a rigid, strict, and just officer. But spite of his executive qualities, the boys would, sometimes, get ahead of him. As I said before, the beef was brought ready dressed on the cars, and the distribution to the several commands took place from the platform of the depot.

One morning, two or three of the Kentucky boys came along, and one of them, having his musket with him, mounted guard over the beef. The Receiving Commissary, seeing him walking on his post, thought that he was there by authority. Presently, the sentinel leveled his musket at a man, who had seized a large piece of beef, and threatened to shoot him, if he did not let it drop. The sentinel cursing the rogue, told the Commissary that he would take the offender to Col. Cofer. The Commissary assented, but as the prisoner started off with the beef on his shoulder, he told the sentinel that it had better be left behind.

"Oh, no," said the sentinel, "I want Col. Cofer to see exactly what he has stolen." The Commissary said,

"Very well, take it along then."

As the sentinel was some time in getting back, the Commissary stepped over to Col. Cofer's office, and learned that neither sentinel, nor thief had appeared there.—The meat had been *stolen* and the Commissary had been *sold*.

J. R. V.

The sentinel must have got his lessons before the war, from some of the party of great moral ideas. He feigned to be in the discharge of duty, when conniving at the stealing of the beef, and was very indignant at the theft of another. Isn't this exactly in the style of the moral-idea gentleman? What is the Freedmen's Bureau but a great thieving concern? yet, professedly a humane and benevolent institution in the performance of duty.

A former member of Pickett's division, now in Charlotte N. C., gives an anecdote, which has an instructive moral connected with it:

What he bet agin my old Rooster.—Just before my brigade was ordered to coöperate with Hoke, in the expedition of that gallant and accomplished officer against Plymouth, we were encamped on the Central Railroad, about 20 miles above Richmond. I was sitting in front of the tent of Commissary Sergeant D ——, one of the boys in every sense of the word, witty, lively, and gritty. We had been chatting about one thing and another, and I was just about to leave him, when we saw an old countryman drive up in a little wagon, which had a chicken-coop in it, with one solitary old rooster, the only inmate.

Sergeant D. Halloo, old fellow, it is not worth while to take that old rooster back home. Let's trade for him.

Old Man. Well, you see, I'se sold them all, ceptin this old rooster, and my old woman, she told me to ax a dollar for him.

Sergeant D. A dollar for that old thing! I hain't seen a dollar since last pay day, a year ago. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll play seven up for him.

Old Man. Well, I don't care if I do take a turn or two at the cards.

Now, Sergeant D. had often bragged to me that he never lost a game of cards, and that if he could not beat any living man in playing, he could beat all creation at counting. (Just as loyal poll-holders always make the count on their side at elections.) A crowd gathered around to see the old man initiated in the mysteries of old sledge, and it soon became apparent that the old rooster was in a bad way. Sergeant D. was the victor; the old man sighed and said, "My old woman's rooster is gone and she hain't got the dollar nother." Off ran the Sergeant to make a chicken pie, kindly inviting me to come over when it was ready. The old man went off in none of the best of humors, probably dreading the Caudle lecture he would get on his arrival home without the rooster and without the dollar.

We were still sitting there chatting, when the old man drove up again, saying:

"Whar is that feller what won my old woman's rooster?"

One said, "he is making pot pie of the old rooster, won't you come and help eat him?"

Another asked, "do you want to take another lesson at old sledge?"

A third hoped that the old man "had some more roosters to trade off."

A fourth inquired, "shall I tell Sergeant D. that you want to see him?"

"No, no," said the old man, "all I wanted to ax him was, *what he bet agin my old rooster, for I don't 'member that he sot up one dratted thing agin him!*"

And so it had been, the Sergeant had staked nothing, and it was a one-sided game all the time. J. R. P.

The moral of the story is obvious. The little game of Reconstruction played at the South had

the stakes all on one side. But we will not envy our Republican friends. The old rooster they have won, in the shape of loyal governors, judges, &c., will make a very unsavory pot pie, and will offend the nostrils with an odor of tainted flesh!

H. F., of Holly Springs, Mississippi, relates a touching incident:

The writer was among the wounded at Perryville, and was carried thence to the hospitable town of Harrodsburg. Among the large number of wounded, was a boy, shot in the arm. He did not appear to be more than sixteen; and the nobleness and manhood which shone through his beardless face, prompted me to enquire his name. It was George Hamer, of the 24th Tennessee regiment, Maney's brigade. The little fellow's arm was badly shattered, and had to be amputated. The operation was performed by Dr. German, a gentle, tender-hearted Surgeon, who had been the family physician at little George's home. Chloroform was administered, and the operation performed. When the brave boy recovered from the effects of the chloroform, and saw the unsightly stump hanging where his arm had been, he cried as if his heart would break; but he presently recovered himself, as if ashamed of the weakness, and turning his yet dewy eyes upon the good doctor, said to him:

"Don't tell ma I cried, please, doctor."

And when the doctor promised, he grew quiet, and seemed satisfied. Since then, I have been told that this mother's darling died of his wound. What incident of old, chivalrous days is more touching and tender? or contains more of the true and gentle sublimity of courage?

The "Haversack" is always filled with interesting incidents, and anecdotes; but none of them, in my opinion, more deserving of record, and remembrance, than this I have undertaken to tell.

Memphis, Tennessee, sends an anecdote, which we think that we have seen before, but will repeat it that it may be preserved among the records of the late so-called.

On Gen. Bragg's celebrated march into Kentucky, the troops were often on half rations, though they had full marching to do.—One day, Gen. Hardee rode in rear of Cleburne's division and came across a foot-sore Irishman, who had straggled far behind.

Gen. H. Why are you not up with your regiment?

Emerald Isle. Me foot is sore wid the rocks, bad luck to them! me stomach is wake wid the half rations, and me back is broke wid the big knapsack.

Gen. H. All the other men are in the same fix and you ought to get along as well as they.

Emerald Isle. Will the Gineral allow me to ax him a question?

Gen. H. Certainly.

Emerald Isle. Didn't yer Honor write Hardee's Tactics?

Gen. H. Yes.

Emerald Isle. And ain't there an ivolution called double column at half distance?

Gen. H. Yes, there is.

Emerald Isle. And is there an ivolution called double distance on half rations?

Gen. H. No, certainly not.

Emerald Isle. Well, thin, if a great Gineral doesn't put down that ivolution in his Tactics, Patrick O'Donnahue is too good a soldier to go agin the Tactics of his own Corps Commander!

Gen. H. Patrick O'Donnahue shall ride the balance of the day. Come and get on this horse. My servant shall walk.

Emerald Isle. Long life to yer Honor! You always was a man of sinse!

We get the next anecdotes from Norfolk, Va.:

Believing that our gallant neighbors can appreciate a joke, even at their own expense, I send you one on a North Carolina soldier, which is strictly true.

A Virginia brigade was encamped near Hanover Junction, and Pettigrew's North Carolina brigade had to file past them. Of course, the boys began to "remark a few remarks," and to bandy jeers and home-thrusts, not always of the most delicate kind. Finally, the last straggler had apparently passed, and all the Virginians were about to return to their tents, when a small, bilious-looking, sallow-faced, tar-smoked, North Carolinian came dragging his weary way along. Chills had unmistakably marked him for their own. He was in none of the best of humors, and *noli me tangere* was plainly written in his eyes, and withal there was a defiant look, which seemed to say that 'twould be dangerous to trifle with him. Nevertheless, a bold wag determined to have his fun.

Virginian. (Mockingly.) Mister, what ridge-*ment* do you belong to?

Straggler. 'Blong to 52d Kliner, you ugly cuss, (cocking his gun) now say "Tar-heel," and I'll put daylight through you!

The obnoxious word was not said!

I was telling this anecdote to some of my North Carolina friends, when I got for my pains, a harder story on a raw recruit of a well-known Virginia regiment of cavalry. It seems that this recruit was put out on picket, all alone, on a pocosin on the Chowan River. The gloom and dreariness of one of these swamps would be unpleasant even to a veteran. They were too much for our recruit. He was shaky from the start, but for brevity, I must dramatize my story.

Owl up a tree. Whoo, a whoo, a whoo are you?

Raw Recruit. Don't shoot, I'm Sam ———, of Virginia cavalry. I surrender, don't shoot, don't shoot!

The following is said to be a true bill:

General Forrest was one day sitting in his tent in company with his A. A. General, when a long, lank, sallow-faced Tennessee Cavalryman rode up to the guard and announced himself the bearer of a dispatch. The sentinel silently pointed to the tent, and the Tennessean, nothing daunted, dismounted from his angular steed, and plunging his hand into the

depths of a very greasy looking haversack, drew out the dispatch and proceeded to the tent; entering and seeing only two plainly dressed persons, he laid the paper on the table, merely remarking, epigrammatically, "'spatch for the Gineral." Having done this, he sat down on a stool, without removing his hat, and crossing his legs, commenced whistling an air well known in the army, viz: "If you want to catch h—l jest jine the cavalry, jine the cavalry." Occasionally he would sing the song instead of whistling it, keeping time always with his bare feet. More than once in the rendition of the monotonous yet otherwise forcible ballad, he would give the General a familiar and kindly slap on the back.

Presently the A. A. G. arose, and beckoning him to follow, advanced to where his horse was tied, and after giving him a bundle of papers, and scanning him curiously from head to foot, asked him if he knew that it was General Forrest with whom he had been so familiar. Butternut protested violently that he was not aware of the fact, and insisted on returning to "pologize." The A. A. G., curious to hear his apology, acquiesced. Whereupon they returned to the tent, when the cavalryman, lifting his hat with all the grace of a French Hussar, said:

"Gineral, you looked so uncommon plain just now that I took you for an orderly. If I'd knowed you I wouldn't have been so familiar. No offence, I hope."

Here he turned and commenced to retire, when, as if undecided, he stopped, and once more approached the General and laid his hand upon his shoulder (very respectfully, however,) and said:

"No offence, Gineral, I swar, but if you want to ketch hell, you jest jine the cavalry." J. R. R.

EDITORIAL.

THE readers of this magazine know that we have all along contended that peace could only be restored to this disturbed country, through the efforts of the soldiers of the two armies. True pluck and genuine manhood respect true pluck and genuine manhood. A permanent estrangement between brave men in the same country, is impossible. The brave conqueror will be generous and magnanimous. The conquered brave man will never be truckling, cringing, base and false.

At the South, we have seen the extraordinary spectacle of the fierce fire-eaters keeping out of the way of bullets; next, of their slandering and vilifying all who tried to do their duty in the war; and finally, of their allying themselves with the vilest of mankind to degrade and oppress the men, whose only crime was following their teaching. At the North, a

still more humiliating sight was witnessed. There those, who hounded on others to fields of carnage, not only did not go to the front themselves, but actually grew rich upon the tears of the orphan, and the groans of the widow. Not content, when the war closed, with the bloated wealth acquired through the traffic in blood, they racked their ingenuity to devise new and strange methods of humiliating the foe, whom they feared to meet in battle. Three years after the last gun had been fired, they are found still rancorous in their hate and still unsated with vengeance. Through the thin disguise of love for the negro, whom their very soul loathes, may be seen their inextinguishable hatred of the South. The coward never forgives, the coward never trusts his adversary, the coward is incapable of anything noble and high-minded.—The coward, who whined like a puppy when the cane of a gentleman was laid upon his shoulders, will never consent to see a Southern gentleman upon the floor of Congress. The miscreant, who used his official position as an officer of the United States Army, to insult Southern ladies, and steal their jewelry and wardrobes, will never consent to any measures of Reconstruction, which will expose him to the hazard of meeting, face to face, the husbands, sons or brothers of the insulted ladies. Craven fear, as well as relentless malignity, make these poltroons the most remorseless oppressors. So, too, miserable, selfish fear of the negro, and fear of the Union power drove the fire-eaters, of the South, into the ranks of the loyal Fetich. The renegade Nullifier, and the malignant Abolitionist have allied together—the bond of union between them, being their mutual cowardice. No good can be expected from this unnatural junction of base spirits. The cowardly Northerner wishes the extermination of the race he hates and fears. The renegade Southerner has so forfeited his own self-respect by betraying his brethren, violating his conscience and stultifying his previous history, that he has become a mean and despicable thing in his own eyes. The sincere lover of his country must look away from these two degraded classes, and place his hopes of an enduring peace, and lasting prosperity in a cordial union between the brave men, who fought each other fairly and squarely.

It was, therefore, with inexpressible pleasure that we read of the cordial meeting between Northern and Southern officers in the grand Democratic Convention, in New York. That pleasure was enhanced a thousand fold, when in the long list of Northern officers, we saw not a single name, which did not belong to an honorable foe in the days gone by. Butler was not there to remind us of robbery, murder and slander of Southern women. Schenck was not there to recall tyranny and oppression. Sherman was not there to tell of "the ashes of Southern homes." Sheridan was not there to recount the mills and barns burnt in the Valley of Virginia. McNeill was not there to bring up the murders

in Missouri. Burbridge was not there to bring up vividly the picture of the lads shot in cold blood at Georgetown, Kentucky. Burnsides was so far off that even with his own "powerful field glass," we could not see the New Berne pianos. Milroy was not there to remind us, in his small way, of John Arnold's cow and Mrs. Logan's spoons. So we read the list, and with no little emotion, said, "honorable men, all honorable men." Devoutly do we thank Heaven that it was so. We are glad, too, that General Blair, a soldier of courage and reputation, has been among the very first to proclaim the whole scheme of fraud, cruelty and iniquity to be unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. So far from having bitterness towards such men on account of their military career, we are profoundly grateful to them for their zeal to save us from the horrors of Hayti and Jamaica.

We believe that our own peerless Hampton spoke not only the sentiments of his own great soul, but those of all the true soldiers of the South. All are ready to join heart and soul with their late brave antagonists in the effort to resist a tyranny, which seeks not merely to subvert the government of our fathers, but also to upheave the very foundations of society. We are pleased to notice every where a growing fraternization between "the boys in blue" and "the boys in grey." The *Kentucky Yeoman*, edited by a distinguished soldier with an honored name, comes to us with an earnest appeal to the union soldiers. It is so appropriate that we copy it entire:

Of all men who may rightfully complain of the enormities of Radicalism, and who may rightfully denounce them, the Federal soldier has the best right and strongest grounds. We mean, of course, the patriotic soldier, who enlisted in the army to prevent a division of the Union and the destruction of the Constitution; who, accepting the solemnly plighted faith of the Government—that the war should be prosecuted for no purpose "of conquest or subjugation, nor for any purpose of interfering with the established institutions of any State, but simply to preserve the Union under the Constitution, with the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired"—responded to the call for troops, as was the case especially with all Kentuckians.

They have a right to complain because they have been cruelly and shamefully betrayed by the authorities controlling the government. They enlisted to preserve the Union; their services were perverted into its destruction. They assumed the duties and risked the dangers of the camp and the battle-field to perpetuate the Constitution; their sacrifices and valor are made the means of its destruction. They enlisted under the solemn promise of the government that the "established institutions, dignity, equality, and rights of the States should be preserved," and find at the end of the contest, that they have been made the unwilling instruments of utterly destroying all these sacred boons. They enlisted to save to the Union ten States of white men, and find their success made to substitute ten colonies of negroes for those States.

We make an appeal to the hon-

est, patriotic, gallant, chivalrous "white boy in blue," to ponder over these facts, and then answer us if he will longer sustain his betrayers. Remember the promises of the men who, claiming to be Union men, won your confidence, and look at their acts of shameless betrayal, then tell us, will you "lick the foot that kicks you?"

The heathen had a proverb, "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind surely." A day of retribution will come for every evil deed. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God. In no case within our recollection has the retribution been so sudden and so summary as it has been upon the murderers of Mrs. Surratt. The *Republican*, of Lynchburg, Va., gives a statement, which ought to alarm the cowardly wretches, who are not yet sated with blood. Of the four witnesses against Mrs. Surratt, Baker, the principal, died unhonored, neglected, shunned and abhorred; Conover, the next in infamy, is in the Penitentiary; and the other two are undergoing punishment for crime. Preston King, who denied Anne Surratt access to the President, drowned himself in North River. Jim Lane, who supported King in his cruelty, shot himself in St. Louis. Stanton, who employed suborned witnesses and kept back the record of the trial from the President, is, probably, next to Butler, the least respected man on the continent.

We have seldom seen any thing neater and more conclusive than the annexed extract from that able Democratic paper, the *Watchman*, of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania:

Grant, Jackson and Clay.—It is certainly not very respectful to the memory of Jackson and Clay to associate their names and memories with the name of Grant, but, by way of contrast, the apparent disrespect will, no doubt, be excused. In his letter accepting the Radical nomination for President, Grant says:

"I shall have no policy of my own to interfere against the people."

U. S. GRANT.

Now, if you want to see the great difference between this man and the immortal Jackson, who was a statesman as well as a soldier, read:

"I say again, fellow-citizens, remember the fate of Rome, and VOTE FOR NO CANDIDATE who will not tell you with the frankness of an independent freeman, the principle upon which, if elected, he will administer your Government.

"That man deserves to be a slave who would vote for a mum candidate when his liberties are at stake."

ANDREW JACKSON.

Henry Clay was not, like Jackson, a warrior, but he was, like Jackson a great statesman. Do you suppose Henry Clay would vote for Grant, if he were alive to-day? If so, undeceive yourself by reading the following:

"If my suffrage is asked for the highest civil officer of my country, the candidate, however illustrious and successful he may be, must present some other title than laurels however gloriously gathered on the BLOOD-STAINED BATTLE-FIELD." HENRY CLAY.

A young lieutenant had to take a detachment of twenty men to the army. He said to them one

morning, "hurry up, boys, we've twenty miles to go to-day." A jolly Patrick in the detachment replies, "faith and that's just one mile apiece; its nothing at all, at all!" This is no Irish Bull, there is true philosophy in it. Genial companionship *does* divide the distance on a tedious journey. Cordial coöperation *does* lighten the burden of labor. Sickness and suffering are relieved, if not made positively pleasant, by kind and sympathizing attention.

What we need at the South is to go to our work with shoulder-to-shoulder, mutually cheering, supporting and encouraging one another. We have but few friends abroad: let us befriend one another at home. Let us encourage our own schools and colleges, our own manufactures and work-shops, our own mechanics, our own scholars, our own enterprises in every department of human effort. When we have a glowing fire and bright lights at home, we care not how dark, cold and stormy, it may be abroad. Let us make our oppressed section bright and cheerful with mutual love and sympathy. We need not care then for the howls of the Jacobins without.

We do not know precisely the effect of Mr. Johnson's pardoning Proclamation, but we suppose that it makes us, who fought for home and fire-side, "bran new again," and as loyal as the loyalest in the land. But as the Proclamations, of the eminent person alluded to, have been generally over-ruled and made to amount to just nothing at all, we are very cautious in speaking of the dignitaries in power. It is, we presume, loyal and proper to quote themselves in condemnation of themselves. So we have given the opinions expressed by honest Ben Wade and frank Don Piatt and charming Mrs. Cady Stanton in regard to the waste, extravagance, folly and roguery of the "party of great moral ideas."—We suppose that it would be disrespectful, in one so recently made loyal by Presidential Proclamation, to question these authoritative opinions of the great leaders of Republicanism. We, therefore, assume them to be just and correct. And so in regard to the declarations of the gentle Anna Dickinson, who hates the South and Democracy as cordially as she loves Fred. Douglas and his race. We find an utterance of sweet Anna quoted in a highly esteemed exchange, the *Times*, of Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania. It is in these words: "Grant's whisky record is not half so infamous as his Indian baby record in California." Gentle Anna! this is strong language for a delicate and refined lady to use, and the subject is hardly becoming. But as your allies have expended their strength in violating the Eighth Commandment, (see statement of Mrs. Cady), you are right in expecting them to be more particular about the Seventh.

One of the most extraordinary things in this age of wonders is the trial of the Columbus, Ga., prisoners. A low wretch was murdered in a negro brothel in that city, and upon mere suspi-

cion, some twenty young men, of the best and noblest families in that noble State, were arrested and thrust in a dungeon, whose horrors were scarcely inferior to those of the Black Hole of Calcutta. We find a Card from nine of these unfortunate youths, in our able contemporary, the *Chronicle and Sentinel* of Augusta, Ga. We make a brief extract:

The prisoners arrested in May were at Fort Pulaski before their removal to Atlanta. Their cells were as dark as dungeons, without ventilation, and but 4 by 7 feet. No bed or blanket was furnished. The rations consisted of a *slice* of *fat* pork three times each week, and beef too *unsound* to eat the remaining days. A piece of bread for each meal, soup for dinner, and coffee for breakfast, finished the bill of fare. An old *oyster can* was given each prisoner, and in this vessel both coffee and soup were served.

It may be said that the soldiers received nothing better, but these citizens were not soldiers, and their friends were able, willing and anxious to give them every comfort. Why were they denied the privilege? Refused all communication with their friends, relatives or counsel, they were forced to live in these horrid cells, night and day, prostrated by heat and maddened by myriads of mosquitoes. The calls of nature were attended to in a bucket, which was removed but once in twenty-four hours.

At McPherson Barracks we were placed in cells 5 feet 11 inches wide by 10 feet long. These cells were afterward divided, reducing their width to *two feet ten inches*. This is terrible, but true. Upon the arrival of the officer sent from Washington to investigate the arrests, the partitions were removed. Neither bed nor bedding was furnished for from two to five days. We were not permitted to see our friends, families or counsel until after memorials to Congress had aroused the whole country to the enormity of the outrage. Even after this, our LETTERS, breathing the affection and sympathy of a wife or mother, were subjected to inspection. The prison sink was immediately at our cell doors, and emitted a stench that was horrible.

At times, when some humane soldier was willing to transcend his orders, and give us a breath of fresh air to soothe our distended, bursting veins, we would ask him to close the door, preferring to risk suffocation rather than endure the intolerable smell.

During all this time we were ignorant of the charges against us.

Think of this horrible suffocation in the summer months in Georgia! Think of men being treated thus before conviction, before trial, before even they knew the offence with which they were charged!! Was any thing more infamous ever committed in the darkest days of the dark ages? Savages never did any thing half so atrocious. They burned at the stake or slew with the battle-axe the enemies taken in battle. But there is no record of their torturing those of their own tribe before trial and condemnation. That infamy has been reserved for our model Republic in the latter half of the 19th century!

Every device was employed and every cruelty practiced upon the negro witnesses to force them to testify what was required of them. Their heads were shaved, halters were put around their necks, cannon were trained upon them with the threat of blowing them to

pieces. (Weep, ye hypocrites, over Uncle Tom's Cabin.) But not satisfied with this, a steam torture-box was invented.

We give a short extract from the Macon (Ga.,) *Telegraph*, a calm, dispassionate paper, bold in the denunciation of wickedness, but not disposed to exaggerate the enormity of that wickedness:

In conversation with one of the most eminent citizens, of Macon, yesterday, he assured us that Gen. Meade explained to him, in Atlanta, week before last, the whole modus operandi of this instrument of torture. Meade described it as a box sufficiently capacious to admit the victim, and then arranged for compression by screws, by which a force could be brought upon the prisoner sufficient to "squeeze the breath out of him." It was also provided with a steam apparatus, connected with the throttling box by pipes, and upon turning a fosset, jets of steam were thrown in, which added materially to the anguish of suffocation. This machine was applied to three of the witnesses—Betts, Marshal and a negro, with entire efficacy—the negro gave in in a moment, and cried out that he would swear anything if they would only let him out of that box.

The most remarkable part of this whole matter is, that all these outrages have been perpetrated by Gen. Meade, who has been hitherto regarded as a gentleman. It only proves how rapid must be the descent into crime and infamy of any one, who consents to become the tool of the Jacobins.

We are often surprised at the mistakes made at the North by those, who are not unkindly disposed to the South. Doubtless, we make similar blunders, and thus the sectional ill-feeling is kept up. The Philadelphia *Age* is usually well-posted, but it seems to be a believer in "the horrors of Andersonville," if we may judge by the extract below:

Mortality among Prisoners.—A communication made by Stanton while Secretary of War, but just published, shows that by the reports of the Commissary-General of Prisoners—

I. That twenty-six thousand four hundred and thirty-six deaths of rebel prisoners of war are reported.

II. That twenty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-six Union soldiers are reported as having died in Southern prisons.

By this it seems that the actual number of deaths among prisoners was greatest at the North.—But as compared with the whole number of prisoners, the ratio was larger at the South:

The reports also show that two hundred and twenty thousand rebel prisoners were held in the North, and about one hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and forty Union prisoners in the South.

These are the figures given by Mr. Stanton, and they are published to correct an account which, placing the deaths at the same numbers, made a different estimate of the prisoners actually held by the respective belligerents.

Now we are surprised that the *Age* did not detect the trick of Stanton and did not see why he should publish a second table of prison statistics after giving the first to the world more than two years ago.

Mr. Stanton's first report merely gave the deaths of the prisoners (substantially the same as in the last report) and the numbers held by each belligerent. He, evidently, had not calculated the ratio of the respective losses. But

it was not long before the Copperhead and Southern papers showed that from Mr. Stanton's own figures, the ratio in Northern prisons, of those who died, to those who lived, was 1 to 7½: while in Southern prisons, it was but 1 to 11. So, if there were horrors at Andersonville, there were much greater horrors at Johnson's Island, Elmira, Fort Delaware, &c. This would never do! The whole world had rung with rebel atrocities and now the figures of the Federal Secretary of War proved greater atrocities at the North! A second report must be got up and the scheme was devised to make the Southern prisoners exceed by some hundred thousands the Northern prisoners held at the South. This ingenious plan was carried out by including in the estimate all the Southern prisoners captured at the forts, garrisons, &c., &c., of the South, most of whom were held but a few weeks, or paroled on the spot! This is the way the thing was done, and we charge that Mr. Stanton knew that his second report was calculated to produce a wrong impression, and that *he made it expressly to produce that impression.* We are sure that if the estimate of mortality is confined to a calculation among the prisoners held for six months, and over, the ratio of deaths among the Southern prisoners will be found greatly to exceed the ratio of deaths among the Northern prisoners.

There is this aggravated guilt, too, in the case of the Federal authorities. The North had the means to make the Southern prisoners comfortable. The South had not the means. Moreover, the Confederate authorities desired the exchange of prisoners, but Mr. Lincoln, at Grant's instigation, refused. It was believed that the South could not be conquered, if exchange went on, and so it was stopped.

It is very gratifying to our pride as an editor, and to our loyalty as one of the late rebels, to find that the great apostle of loyalty has come to entertain the same views that we have often expressed, viz; that the loyal Fetich cannot be trusted. Wendell Philips fears that the men, who betrayed the Union, then the Confederacy, then Mr. Johnson, then their neighbors and friends—may even take it into their changeable heads to betray the Republicans! Hear him, ye Fetich:

Congress brings the rebel States back into its halls; *not because any man considers them fit and ready, but to help Grant's chances of election.* In this sort of game, the Republican leaders have always shown themselves clumsy players, and we fear they are fated in this instance to find themselves at fault. Tennessee and West Virginia were brought in with the same plea—sagacious managers' idea of strengthening the party. But the Senators from these two States have been constant stumbling-blocks and checkmated impeachment at last. Present appearances indicate the same result in these lately admitted States. If their admission defeats Grant, we shall not be surprised. If Senators may be bought, why not Presidential electors? Bribery

has become now a fixed element in our politics.

We look to see the action of the Presidential electors steeped in such corruption as will throw the impeachment market thoroughly into the shade. With Johnson in the White House it is a dangerous step to admit these seven States. *Unless carefully watched they will prove a serious danger to the loyal party.*

This peril is more specially imminent because the land has been left so exclusively in the hands of white Secessionists. The negro votes the Republican ticket at the risk of starvation, if not of life. Beside this the negro voters lack organization. They are just now especially liable to be deceived in their candidates. *The South swarms with adventurers and reckless speculators;* the most hopeful speculation just now, is by hypocrisy and bribes, to buy admission to the Senate or Electoral College. With the influence of the Administration on their side, success will not be difficult. *Such transition times as these are hotbeds of turncoats and traitors.*

If the cold North plants Rosses, Fowlers and Fessendens, what a four-fold crop of Burrs and Arnolds the tropic South will give us back! The Republican party has charlatans enough who plume themselves on being "practical men." The admission of these States is their boasted "practical statesmanship." In our view it is putting a knife into the hands of Northern and Southern rebels wherewith to cut the throat of the loyal party. Nothing but the persistent vigilance and activity of fanatics can avert that result. Statesmen—denounced as dreamers—must take up the stitches these blunderers who think themselves owls—are constantly dropping. Save us from conceited friends, and we risk the shrewdest enemies.

We know two books, which have taken whole paragraphs, pages and chapters from this magazine without saying so much as "by your leave, sir!" In after years, it may be thought that we have borrowed pretty freely from these books. So now, it may be thought that some of our expressions, months ago, about renegade Southerners, have been borrowed from Wendell Philips! So, too, our predictions, repeated so often, that the loyal Fetich could not be trusted and would desert the Republicans, seem but an echo of Mr. Philips' sentiments! But upon our honor, we have not stolen from the great apostle of Abolitionism. As we became more and more loyal, it was natural that our thoughts should fall into the loyal channel and finally that we should talk like this model of loyalty. We hope that this explanation of similarity of views and words will be satisfactory.

We wonder what Bullock, Abbott, Deweese, Scott & Co., think of the declaration: "the South swarms with adventurers and reckless speculators." We wonder what the old nullifiers and negro-traders, now among the loyal Fetich, think of this sentence: "such transition times are hotbeds of *turncoats and traitors.*" We wonder what they think of the sentence: "unless carefully watched, they will prove a serious danger to the loyal party." Oh! ye young converts to the stronger side, we wonder whether you consider Wendell a loyal man!

We have been so delighted with

Mr. Philips' plain talk that we do not like to make a carping criticism. But we would gently remind him that the "tropic South" did not bring forth Arnold and Burr. They were both born nearer "to hum."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE EMIGRANTS' VADE-MECUM, OR GUIDE TO THE "PRICE GRANT" IN VENEZUELA, GUAYANA. By Mrs. Mary Amanda Pattison, of Maryland. J. Wall Turner. Richmond, Virginia:

As every Southern citizen should have a home selected to remove to, in case our condition does not improve in this land, purchased by the blood of our fathers, we recommend the perusal of this little book, to every one. The authoress, Mrs. Pattison, resides in London, where she seems to be unwearied in her efforts to aid her Southern countrymen.

The grant to Dr. Price, of Virginia, of 240,000 square miles of land, by the Venezuelan Government, seems to have attracted very little attention among our people. Their ideas of a country only 8 deg. from the equator, consists, generally, of vague notions of a climate of burning heat, rank vegetation, malarious diseases, anacondas and boa-constrictors, poisonous reptiles, and unfriendly Indians. On inquiring into this subject, however, they will find that Venezuela has a healthy and delightful climate, cooled by the sea breezes on the coast, and by the elevation of its broad plateaux in the interior. These breezes and this elevation, while they moderate the heat of summer, have no influence in producing cold in winter, and so the temperature, the year round, is one of delightful moderation.—The scenery is grand and unique—comprising forests of the richest and most gorgeous tropical vegetation in the vallies,—and prairies, hundreds of miles in extent, are roamed by vast herds of cattle, and backed by snow-peaked mountains. The capital of the country, Ciudad Bolivar, contains about 15,000 inhabitants, the better class of whom are cultivated, intelligent and polished. The town is well and substantially built, containing many buildings of stone. Earthquakes are unknown. Our space will not admit of extracts from this charming book, but we hope our readers will all procure it from Mr. Turner, of Richmond, and read it for themselves.

THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA. By John S. Hittell. W. J. Widdleton, New York:

California is another region to which the soul of the oppressed Anglo-Saxon, of the South, turns with longing from the Radical,

bayonet-pointed, negro legislation and negro jurisdiction of our once princely political heritage. In California the lower races are not forced up from their proper level, and the civil rights of a race of freemen placed in their hands.

The country at first, when adventurers were pouring in from every quarter of the globe, was given to some extravagance in the administration of impromptu laws—but the worst instances of this kind, were mild in comparison with the horrors of Jamaica and Hayti. Their condition at present, is far better than ours in this respect; for here, housebreaking and burglary are almost of weekly occurrence.

Their climate is healthy and delightful, and the soil is rich. They have some disadvantages, however—dust and drought in summer, and mud and freshets in winter. Their scenery is grand and beautiful, beyond description—surpassing that of Switzerland. Mr. Hittell says:

"The Helvetian Republic has, for hundreds of years, had the fame of possessing the greatest area of elevated land, and the largest number of great peaks within the limits of high civilization, but the newly discovered mountain region surpasses that of Switzerland. That country has only four peaks above 13,000 feet, and not more than 150 square miles above 8,000 feet, while California has 100 peaks above 13,000 feet, and 300 or more square miles above 8,000 feet.

"The 'Big Trees' were supposed to exist only in a few isolated groves, but are now found in extensive forests, with tens of thousands of trees along the Sierra Nevada." The principal agricultural products of California are fruit and grain, and these are God's best material gifts. Home is dear to the heart of the Anglo-Saxon every where, but no homes are so sweet as those nestling amid blossoming orchards and waving fields of grain. And when these homes are set, like gems, amid the lovely scenery of California, where snow-capped mountains tower on one side and verdant savannas stretch out to the horizon on the other; or where the waves of the Pacific break, with musical murmurs, upon the lengthened coast—our children may forget, although, alas, we never can, the land bequeathed us by our fathers, and who paid for it the precious price of toil and blood.

ABRAHAM PAGE, ESQ. A novel. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:

This is an interesting tale, naturally told; and the typography of the book is beautiful;—but we are sorry to see the writer taking ground against church organizations. A church can no more exist in this wicked world without an organization, than a man could exist in this natural world without a body.